West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject Natural Setting Pocahontas County History Chapter Three Part 1 Sec.D. Date Feb 8th 1941

Research Worker Roscoe W. Brown Date Research Taken Jan 29 to Feb 8th 1941

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Prices Historical Notes of Pocahontas County

West Va Geological Survey &&

RECEIVED FEB 1941

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NATUR

When the pioneers were settling up the Deer Creek valley, or Warwicks Creek as it was then called, found the Deer to be so numerous that they were considered a pest to the farmers, who had to farm on a small scale, only having small fields and patches planted, and the Deer would some times destroy a whole crop. There is a tradition that Jacob Rumbaugh who lived upon the land now owned by Monroe Beard, did,nt have feed enough to winter his cow, and fed her on Deer meat, (It has since been conceded that a cow will eat dried venison ?)

And from the fact that the Deer were so numerous in the the country it was called Deer Creek And to the Indians it was called by names that have have long been forgotten, The Indians called it Ta-rin-ka, Wak- pa- dan. meaning Deer- Creek. and hence the name Deer Creek.

As we study into the names given to Deer Creek proper above the confluence of the North Fork and Deer Creek, and that of the Rosin Run the branch that flows into the North Fork South of Greenbank, it appears that the names have been applied improperly; and criss-crossed. Some of the older folks claim that Rosin Run was called Deer Creek; and the North Fork its North Branch, and and Deer Crook proper was called Back Creek or Muddy Creek, which seems to be very reasonable, and some of the old land records give their local description in this particular respect.

But however the names as they exist at the present time, have gone down in the history of all the land records, and are so fixed that it will be a matter of impossib-ility to change the names back to their origional meaning.

Dr. Hunter
ok ?

West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject NATURAL SETTING Pocahontas County Date Feb 22nd 1941

Research Worker Roscoe W. Brown Date Research Taken Feb 12 to Feb 21st

Typist Roscoe W. Brown Date Typed Feb 21st 1941

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Data from old land Grants &&

From writing s from the Pocahontas Times .

FEB 1941 RECEIVED Federal Writers Project Charleston, W. Va.

GUM BRANCH--The Gum Branch is

near and North of the Dunmore Mineral Springs; this small Branch gives rise in what is locally known as Charleys Ridge ,in the Lime Stone Section of the Hill-Neighborhood East of Dunmore, It has an entire length of 3.5 miles , with a total fall of 625 feet with a rate of 178.5 feet per mile ; and has a drainage basin area of 2.10 Square Miles ; This Branch known as the Gum Spring Branch has many small intermittent streams , which are all situated in a Limestone Section and the land is all very productive , and some of the very best farms are situated in its water shed and its valley.

The Gum Branch received its name by the fact ~~that~~ that an old pioneer by the name of Gum lived for a time, at an ice cold Spring which is near the Gum-Spring School House ,now discontinued by the Board of Education.

The pioneer William Warwick knowing the tactics of the Indians, knew that the Indian would be on the job bright and early the next morning , and in order to give vent to his feeling over the death of his friend, left the fort in the night, and concealed on the bank of Deer Creek, (This point is just East of the Steel Bridge on the North side of the Creek opposite the site of the Old Fort, ~~site~~, and not far from the pioneer Warwicks cabin,) about dawn the slender form of an Indian was seen emerging from the gloom ; no doubt, the same Indian emboldened by his success , and maddened by the thirst for glory, was making an effort to get another scalp for his wigwam. Almost at the same instant ,a shot from Warwicks Rifle rang out and the daring warrior went to his happy hunting ground ; The wildest excitement agitation , and discussion in the Fort prevailed when one singular and pathetic cry, and the report of the rifle was heard; presently the pioneer came to the Fort and told what he had done. Then pandimonium soon entered the minds of the Indians that were skulking around the Fort, and as they had done on other occasions , congregated on the high hill across the North Fork Creek , (Just back of what is now the old John Warwick house) and sailed arrows into the Fort (This would make a long shot for a Winchester Rifle).

The tradition is, that at this skirmish with the Indians , when the settlers were in the Fort , some spies or scouts were sent out to reconnoiter , and look for fresh Indian sign, and came in contact with a band of Indians who were apparently passing through , and doing no harm , but the settlers took no chances and fired on the Indians , by which a skirmish ensued , and one Indian was wounded and was taken by his comrade, to a place on the Hospital Run, now not far from the town of Arbovale , where he lingered along and died. And from this instance is where we get the name of "Hospital Run". His grave that was found which is now on the land of O.G.Arbogast, purports the fact that he was buried in Indian style , and therefore must have been buried by the Indians ; There goes with the tradition that there was found at his camping place, Poultices made of sassafras leaves , said to be used by Indians for gunshot wounds.

The venerable Peter Warwick claimed that the place where the crippled Indian was crippled was north of the White Oak Hill, while some other older folks claim it was between the town of Greenbank and the home of Monroe Beards, however the two angles come completely together.

The Hospital Run has the honor of having the first log Church that was erected in the Eastern part of Pocahontas County ; the site of which is in the old part of the Arbovale Cemetery This old log Church was erected when Indian scares were still fresh in the minds of the people and it was located on a raise of ground between two springs on the Hospital Run in order to give a good view of the surrounding country which overlooked the old Indian Hospital, on the Hospital Run.

Thomas Jarvis who owned the Eastern part of the Hospital Run, by a land-Grant bearing date of June 1780, had his cabin at a spring in what is now a field on the lands of O.G. Arbogast, went in search for his cow that had wandered off in the woodland; when he came back the Indians had rifled his house, had taken his feather bed tick, but emptied the feathers out in the floor; taken all his blankets, kettles, butcher knives, and his winters supply of bear meat. Many years afterwards when Adam Arbogast who became owner of the land in clearing a field of new land plowed out an old Kettle and a butcher knife which was supposed to be The property of Thomas Jarvis taken by the Indians.

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West Virginia Writers' Project

RESEARCH IDENTIFICATION REPORT

Subject NATURAL SETTING POCAHONTAS COUNTY (Chapter three Part 1) Sec (D) Date June 14th 1941.

Research Worker Roscoe W. Brown. Date Research Taken May 31st to June 14th 1941

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JUN 1941

NATURAL SETTING Pocahontas County

Chapter three)

Part 1 Sec D)

Roscoe W Brown

June 14th 1941.

Knapps Creek ;- (Continued,) It appears that there is,nt any person who can tell for certain who Knapps Creek was named for, ~~or why it was so named Knapp~~.

There has been some very interesting traditions about the naming of Knapps-Creek ; There is printed the story Concerning Knapps Creek to the effect that it derived its name from an old trapper or hunter, or pioneer explorer, by the name Knapp Gregory, correctly spelled Nap Gregory; believed to be the person of solitary eccentric habits and subject to lunacy, and who when laboring under the influence of this disease, would ramble a considerable distance in the neighboring wilderness and be absent from the settlement for weeks at a time; On one of these wanderings he came on some of the waters of the Greenbrier River ,; Surprised to see the waters flowing in a westwardly direction , on his return to Winchester Va he made known the fact ; and that the country abounded very much with different kind of Game; in consequence of this imformation two men recently from New England visited the Country and took up their residence on the Greenbrier River at the Mouth of Knapps Creek,

The names of these two men are given in the Sketches of U.S . History by Mrs Anna Royal as "Carver, and Sewell;" These two men says Mrs Royal, lived in a Cave for several years but at length they disagreed on the score of religion and then ocupied different camps, they took care however not to stay far from each other their camps being in sight.

Sewell used to relate that he and his friend used to sit up all night without sleep , with their guns cocked , ready to fire at each other ; And what could that be for ? Because we could,nt agree ; Only two of you and could,nt agree-- What did you quarrel about , Why about Re- la-gin one of them it seems was a Presbyterian and the other an Episcopalian ;- This name "Carver" was the the person of Jace Naflin as has been written,.

~~There are many of the citizens of the Knapps Creek Valley claim that the Knapps Creek was so named from the Fact that a man by the name of Caleb Knapp~~

The following note is from Prices Historical sketches of Pocahontas County,

"The Site of Nap Gregory,s cabin is near the public road oposite Peter L. Cleeks residence, two miles above Driscol. Traces of the fire place and the dimensions of the Cabin yet visible. Early in the spring the grass appears here more luxuriantly than else where and earlier, for the spot seems to be especially fertile, an often observed characteristic of places where ~~where~~ buildings disappear by gradual decay. Nap Gregory is reported to have disappeared from the Creek and suddenly and mysterriously. When last seen he was in pursuit of a deer near the Lockridge fording. It was supposed by dome that he might have been drowned, while others suspect that he may have been killed and robbed, by some suspcious looking characters that had been seen about the same time , by scouts from Augusta Couty . "

There are many citizens of the Knapps Creek Valley claim that the Knapps - Creek was so named by the fact that a man by the name of Caleb Knapp lived on the Creek , and the site of his cabin or home place is the same identical spot that is claimed to be the home place of the above mentioned Nap Gregory, this place is near the gate, at the State Road, on Ward Cleeks Farm. It has been handed down through many generations of the relationship of of Caleb Knapp, that Knapps Creek was named after their Grand Father Caleb Knapp. (There has been two Caleb Knapps in Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties Caleb Senior and Caleb Junior) If Knapps Creek was named after a Caleb Knapp, it was the Caleb Knapp Sr, who may have been one that lived on Knapps Creek in stead of Caleb Jr, The name of Knapps Creek antedates the name of Caleb Knapp Jr , so it would have to be named after Cale Knapp Sr, who lived in Greenbrier County , and paid taxes as early as 1787.

As we study the named of the Branches of ~~Knapps Creek~~ Pocahontas County we find that Knapps Creek id spelled more differently than any other branch in Pocahontas County . After the formation of Bath County Va , there is recorded in the land Grant Books of Bath County, 29 Land Grants or Patents, issued by the Commonwealth of Virginia, to land Grantees situate on Knapps Creek in what is now Pocahontas County; In giving the local description of the Land Grants situate on the Knapps Creek; 22 of the Grants spell it K-n-a-p Creek

And 7 of the 29 spell it N-a-p-s Creek . The dates of the Grants range from 1795 to 1822.

After the formation of Pocahontas County , there are recorded in the Recorded in the Land Grant books of Pocahontas County , 44 Land Grants or Patents issued by the Commonwealth of Virginia, to land Grantees situate on the Knapps-Creek and 15 of the Grants spell it Kn-a-p- Creek , and 29 spell it N-a-p-s Creek The dates of the Grants range from 1822 to 1860.

Of the 73 land Grants Issued on the waters of Knapps Creek 37 spell it with a " K " and 36 spell it with an " N " The vacant lands on the Knapps Creek were all taken up prior the Civil War. This does not include the Grants issued ~~issued~~ while under the regime of Augusta County, which was the referred to as being on Ewings Creek . While under the regime of Bath County a Grant was issued to Andrew Reid bearing date of 1794 , and gives the local description as being on the waters of Ewings Run ; and to Archibald Stewart bearing date of 1800 on the waters of Ewings Crook , which appears to be about the last of the Grants that mention Ewings Creek.

The first Survey made in Pocahontas County was made by General Andrew And rew Lewis . bearing date of October the 11th 1751 for 480 Acres situated on both sides of the Greenbrier River and states being at the mouth of Ewing Creek. And no doubt but for this the first writting of Ewing Creek . This land Grant of Andrew Lewis is found recorded in Greenbrier Grant Book No 1 at Page 3.

The old land surveyors would constantly refer to Knapps Creek" as once called Ewings Creek " It appears that the old surveyors who made the surveys for for the pioneer settlers on the Knapps Creek , were of a different opinion as to the spelling of the " Knapp" As a matter of fact it was shifted from " Ewings " Creek to Knapps Creek in honor of a man by the name of Nap Gregory or a man by the name of Caleb Knapp. There appears to be a misunderstanding among the early settlers , and the settlers of the Knapps Creek Valley , even at the present time as to which of the two should have the honor of being the name-sake of the Knapps-Creek; It appears that neither of them owned land on the Knapps Creek .

There are many very interesting letters written in regard to the name of Knapps Creek ; and the following letters are hereby submitted for their consideration in regard to the name of Knapps Creek, which has been a question of argument.

In November 28th 1940 , the following was written in the Pocahontas Times .to - Mr Cal Price , and his reply.

Dear Mr Price:

Some writers state that Knapps Creek was named for Knapp Gregory, an early settler in that locality , wh ile others claim that it was named for a man named Knapp who came into that section prior to 1749.

I would like to know if you have any information on the subject as to which might be correct . If it was named ~~from a~~ from a Mr, Knapp, do you know the ~~christian~~ Christian name? There was a Caleb Knapp in Greenbrier County , as early as 1789, but I do not know his parentage.

Yours very truly.

Wilma Beard Harper. Elkins WVa.

The reply to my cousin Wilma Beard Harper is, that Knapps Creek ~~was~~ was named for Napthalem Gregory; You will find his name in the Chalkley Records of Augusta County. If I remember right, it will be in the 1760,s

In the Earliest records _ Col. John Stuart in 1751- the name is Ewings Creek. In the Lewis survey of that date at Marlinton, a line calls for passing/~~of~~ over the Ewing House , some where between the low place b~~e~~/ on Buckley Mountain, near Stillwell to a point not far from the residence of Z.S.Smith Jr,

Later records refer to the Creek by the name of Naps; later records have it Knapps Creek .

Some time about a century ago the family of Caleb Knapp moved to Pocahontas County from Greenbrier County . I fix the time by the fact that one of the daughters of Caleb Knapp ~~married~~ Mrs Ellen Buzzard , was born in Greenbrier county, she died a few years since at the advanced age of 103 years.

Napthalalem Gregory had his hunters camp on Naps Creek. I have always had the impression his camp was near the present site of the Westminster Church.

The tradition that Napthalem Gregory was killed by white outlaws dressed up

He was in camp at the time ,and his dogs were out chasing a bear. The robbers dragged the body some distance from the camp to hide it in a sink hole. Before the body was disposed of, the pack of dogs returned from the chase, took up the trail, and attacked the robbers so fiercely that they had to kill the dogs in self defese.

How the particulars of the crime ever leaked out was never explained to me.Mabye one of the robbers told about it in later years.

What I do know is I have been assured by ancient colored people, that in the full of the hunters moon those who are born with a cowl, can hear Gregorys dogs running a trail in full cry, to end in howls and growls at the sink hole. //

The following letter is from the Hon A.E Ewing, of Grand Haven Michigan. printed in the Pochontas Times Dec 12th 1940.

Dear Mr, Price:

I was interested in Wilma Beard.Harper,s inquiry about the godfather of Knapps Creek , and your reply in The Times of November 28th.

Evidently some geographer of pioneer days became confused in his nomonclature, Just likely Napthalem Gregory was only known as " Nap " I submit that " Naptha" would have been more illuminating . The geographer who initiated the name Knapp, either ignored the Nap Gregory,s right to the honor, or accorded the honor to Caleb Knapp or some othe Knapp.

As you say Caleb Knapp is listed as an old timer of Greenbrier and Pocahontas. I do not know the geneology of the Knappp of Western Virginia, bu I know there was an Abraham Knapp who married Rachel Cherington, daughter of William and Margaret Hank-Cherington. Not positive, but I believe they were Rockingham County people, They move into Greenbrier County , just when I do not know. They had a son , Moses Knapp who was born in 1812 and who married Eliza Hank , daughter of Caleb Hank. Caleb Hank was a Rockinghamer and moved to Greenbrier county ,now Monroe with his parents about 1789 and to Gallia county Ohio, in 1846 , where he settled among his Cherington kinsman.

William C. Gaines, 75, a prosperous farmer of Lathrope, Missouri , is a grand son

of said Moses Knapp. I do not know if any of the above named Knapps ever lived on Knapps (Nap) Creek.

Pardon my family pride for suggesting that Ewings Creek ought to be made the official designation of the much named stream. The earliest official mention ever made of it was Ewings Creek " The man who gave it that name was James Ewing a Scotch Irishman born about 1715 , and who came to Western Virginia about 1736. He had a farm on Jackson river near the influx of Muddy Creek Run only a few miles from the divide and the head waters of the stream that bore his name as late as 1770 when he sold his claim to Moses Moore for two steel traps and two pounds sterling, according to historian Price. It is believed that his family, two sons, John and William, and three daughters, were born on the Jackson River farm , and that they moved to their new home across the the divide shortly after 1760 and resided on the stream which bore his name until about 1770 when he sold out to Moses Moore and moved on down to the Swago farm lands now known as the McClintic farm . I picture my great grand father James Ewing as not only as a farmer , but much of a hunter and trapper, and that he chose the flats of said creek as a home for his boys and girls while he brought home deers, bears, fish and fur.

As long as there is a question about the names of "Knapp" and "Nap", why not return to the origional name and call it Ewing Creek in honor of a sturdy old pioneer, who did his bit toward the early settlement of present Pocahontas County

A.E.Ewing.

Grand Haven , Michagan.

CHAPTER THREE- NATURAL SETTING (Pocahontas County)

July 26th 1941.

Roscoe W. Brown.

Roscoe W. Brown

Part (1) Sec (D)

The Mountain between the Knapps Creek, and Thomas Creek , and South of Sitlingtons Creek has been Locally Known as Michael Mountain , This of mountain is crossed by Sitlingtons Creek north of Michael Mountain in a rather low Gap at the conjunction of Buzards Creek , and again by the deep gorge of Knapps Creek at Minnahaha Springs , which terminates Browns Mountain on the South.

On the north end of Beaver Lick Mountainthe White Medina Quartzite rises in a vertical cliff to 3,662 feet , while continuation of the same rock marks the Southern end of Michael Mountain with an elevation of 3,652 feet .

The Michael Mountain FireTower , is situated on the southern end of the Mountain which is in the bounds of the Seneca State Forest, This Fire Tower was built by the State , of West Va in the year of 1923.

The Michael Mountain is very rough, and rugged, and is a haunt for the Bear of the Seneca Forest which crosses the Michael and move on to the Allegheny Mountain .

The Michael Mountain bears the name of Michael Daugherty, who was one of Knapps Creeks very early settlers , who came to that region from Ireland in the year of 1770, he was one of the very best citizens , of the pioneers of Pocahontas County . He was a great hunter and sportsman , he would pride himself in the extraordinary feat, of walking in on a Bear with a hunting knife or a club , while the dogs were attracting the attention of the bear in the front At one time his dogs had cornered a bear some where on the Michael Mountain this event appears to be in his old days, not being Very agile, he undertook to wade in upon the bear with his hunting knife, as the hunter struck his knife home the big bear struck him with his paw, and crippled him in such a manner, that he died from the wounds. And it was thereafter called Michaels Mountain .

Southards Creek , and Daugherty Ridge was named in honor of Michael Daugherty,

Natural Setting CHAPTER THREE (Pocahontas County)

Roscoe W. Brown.

Part 1)

Sec-D -)

Dec-28th 1940.

TACKETS FORK - is a branch of the North Fork Creek , and gives rise near the top of the Allegheny Mountain at a a low place called the Pole Bare" and has a length of 2.6 miles with a fall of 1085 feet , with a fall of 293.2 feet per mile; and has an area of drainage basin of 2.33 square miles. The head of Tackets Fork is still covered with the virgin Forest of about 1000 Acres of hard wood , (No timber of any kind had been cut in this tract of the Virgin forest which was left by the Lumber Company that owned the land while the Lumber Companies were in operation in Pocahontas County. the same tract of Timber extends across Little Ridge a spur of the Allegheny Mountain , and through the head of Sutton Run, and is the only tract of the virgin forest that has not been cut or culled out by the Lumber Companies , it is now owned by the U.S.- F.S being in the bounds of the Monongahela National Forest ; In years to come the U.S. - F.S. may build a truck roads to the head of Tackets Fork and the Sutton Run for the purpose of operating all the merchantable timber in this tract of vacated timber land.)

Tackets Fork received its name from an old pioneer by the name of Tacket Tacket was an old hunter and made the dressing of hides a specielty He had a cabin built near the mouth of the Tackets Fork the foundation of which is plain to be seen at the present time., There is a tradition that his name was Christopher Tacket , and that he was killed by the Indians on the Kanawha River while defending a Fort . If this be true it was in the year of 1788 . (As shown by the history Trans- Alleghany Pioneers)

SUTTON RUN - The Sutton Run is a branch of the North Fork Creek and has a length of 2.6 miles, with a fall of 1125 feet, and a fall of 387.2 feet per mile, and a drainage area of 3.17 square miles.

There still remains a part of the Virgin forest in the head of the Sutton Run. The Sutton Run was in the pioneer days was a noted branch for the large number of Maple trees that were so numerous all along the Run.

The early settlers of the Greenbank neighborhood would move to the Sutton Run during the Maple Sugar season to make their supply of Maple Syrup and Sugar,; at the mouth of the Sutton Run, Godlip Hartman had his camp, the next in the Run was Jacob Gillispie, 2nd Beverage, 3rd John Sutton, 4th John Sheets, in Sheets Hollow, 5th James Talman, in the Talman Hollow, 6th William B. Wooddell on Negro Knob.

The pioneers would have the very best Sugar Camps, were made comfortable would stay at their camps during the season; The Maple Sugar industry on Sutton Run was perhaps first started by the pioneer John Sutton who settled in the Hill country in the year of 1797 near Greenbank; he would go each spring to the Sutton Run, to make his supply of Sugar, and along with the other named neighbors, would work with each other in way of hauling wood, and supplies, for their sugar camps,

Those early Sugar makers, on the Sutton Run had many stirring incidents with wolves, panthers, and wild cats; in the spring of the year the varmits would be hungry, and be constantly sneaking around the camps in the nights.

The John Sutton for whom the Run was named was from Westmorland County Virginia, and was acquainted with the Washingtons; his old homestead was on the broad Potomac, he paid a visit to his old home, and his many friends seemed astonished when he told them he had seen the the head spring of the Potomac and had drank from its source.

William and Esq. Hugh McLaughlin bought about 1600 acres from Andrew Mathews, originally the Leiut. Warwick survey. This land takes in all of the McLaughlin homes including the Brooks, Corbett. and Deputy's farms. William McLaughlin and his brother Esq. Hugh came to Pocahontas in 1829.

John Carpenter another old pioneer settled on Thomas Creek. He devided his land among his four sons, William, John Jr., Hugh and Peter. This land is now the homes of Harry Taylor, James Watson and John Will Carpenter.

Near the mouth of Sitlington Creek the land was owned by Ruben Lindsy and Jonathan Potts. The site where the town of Haywood now stands, was originally owned by a colored family by the name of Diggs. They sold to Andrew Ratliff, who sold to George Ray. Same was purchased by the Warren Lumber Co. and used for a lumber yard and manufacturing town.

Thorny Creek was first settled by Martin Dilley, from Maryland of Quaker descent, in 1820. He located where his son Andrew lived; he being the father of Hanson and Amos Dilley, who resided on the old homestead. Rev. James Wanless one of the original settlers of Thorny Creek settled sometime during the 20's, at his death leaving his estate to his nephew John F. Wanless.

Robert Dunlap McCutchany January 11th, 1825, married Elizabeth Lockridge and settled on Thomas Creek. While they were not the first pioneers of this creek, they came soon after the organization of the county, virtually settled in the woods and built their home which was noted far and near for its cheer and lavish hospitality. Mr. McCutchan purchased 2900 acres of land which was likely a part of the Warwick survey.

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William Nottingham of the Glade Hill neighborhood, married Mary Arbogast, daughter of Adam Arbogast, and settled in the woods. This is now one of our best farms, and is owned by Dr. Ligon Price since the death of his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Calvin Price.

George Craig, father of the late Rev. Newton Craig, was the earliest settler at Glade Hill. A sad tragedy has impressed this fact. The colored nurse became angry when reproved by Mrs. Craig and as an expression of her wrath she threw the baby girl in a large kettle of boiling water. That the mother might forget this horrible scene, they sold the nurse to Col. Paul McNeel of Hillsboro, who then owned the Andrew Mathews farm. Isaac Moore bought the Glade Hill farm from Paul McNeel, and S. N. Moore inherited it from his father This farm has been sold again and divided into three which are owned by Charles Nottingham, James Wilfong and Charles Wilfong.

Benjamin Arbogast, one of the pioneers of the Buzzard Neighborhood built a brick house where Cornelius Buzzard now lives. It was in this home they had all of their preaching services. The young folks, their shoes in hand, walked to Greenbank to church on Sunday. On their return they attended Sunday School and prayer meeting which was conducted in John Suttons barn. When they did all of their shopping at Hot Springs Va. with only a narrow path just wide enough for a pack horse, we do not wonder that they made no more than four trips each year, and that they treasured their shoes.

Ruben Buzzard, next neighbor, lived on the farm where Emery Shimberry now lives. Their first church was built of logs just after the Civil War. It has since been replaced by a frame building.

COPIED FROM THE CHURCH RECORDS

* Baxter Presbyterian Church built during the year 1858.

dedicated to the services of Almighty God, on the 27th day of August 1858. Dedication services by Rev. Charles C. M. Sec. Text 127 Psalm part of the first verse. By order of the Greenbrier Presbytery, this church was organized by Jihn C. Barr on the 21st day of August 1859, with 16 members from Liberty Church at Greenbank as follows: Robert D. McCutchan, and Robert Curry, ruling Elders; Elizabeth Y. McCutchan, Nancy McLaughlin, Samuel McCutchan,, Christine Jane McCutchan, Elizabeth S, Curry, Caroline R. Nottingham, Nancy C. McCutchan, Matilda J. Craig, Caroline E. Warwick, John B. McCutchan, Robert L. McCutchan, William A. McCutchan and Elizabeth E. McCutchan.

Pastors who have served this church:

Rev. J. C. Barr, Revs. R. P. Kennedy, M. C. Dunlap, A. H..Hamilton, J. H. McCown, Wm T. Price, D. D., E. F. Alexander, R. M. Caldwell, E. W. McLaughlin, R. T. Fultz, Bain, J. S. Kennison, D. M. Monroe.

The seminary students who have endeared themselves by their faithful service; Revs. J. V. McCall, A.D. Watkins, Lewis Lancaster now a missionary to China, and Marion Sydenstricker now a missionary in Brazil.

This church has one outpost at McLaughlin School House which has added many members to the church, two deacons, and established many christian homes.

The soldiers during the Civil War camped in this nice new church which had been so comfortably furnished and left it a wreck for many years. New paint, paper, carpet and lamps added very much to the restoring it for the 50th anniversary. The past summer(1926) new walls were put in and it was painted inside and out. A new fence has recently been installed, all of which gives the 66 years of

service little to mar the building, and much to encourage the spiritual life. All this with three new Elders and three new Deacons should add much strength to the cause of Christ.

METHODIST CHURCH

Under the leadership of Rev. W. H. Ballengee the Methodist Episcopal Church, South was built in 1890 and 1891. It was dedicated in August 1891 by Dr. J. W. Young. Trustees were William H. Cackley, Jacob Taylor, C. R. Moore and E. N. Moore. The Lewisburg District Conference met at the church at that time.

The building of the church and organizing of the society was largely due to the efforts of Rev. Ballengee and his estimable wife. Fourteen pastors have served this chuech. The present pastor is Rev. L. S. Shires.

The Methodist congregation at Dunmore have done much to express their loyalty; their church building is in first class condition having very recently undergone many repairs, including a good furnace.

The present trustees are, H. M. Moore, E. N. Moore, S. Ed Taylor Winfred McElwee, Guy Campbell. Stewards: H. M. Moore, O. J. Campbell M. W. McQuain, and H. M. Taylor.

The ministers who have gone out from this church are Rev. J. A. Taylor and Rev. K. D. Swecker.

SCHOOLS

The first schools at Dunmore were taugh at the Chesley Moore house.

The first school in the McLaughlin neighborhood was taught by Jacob C. McLaughlin near the present location. He was later called to war and killed at the battle of Cedar Creek in 1864. The school house was destroyed and one term of school was taught in an old house on

what is known as the Carr place where Ellett Carpenter now lives. A school building of rough material was erected on the banks between the homes of Lawrence and Russel McLaughlin and school was in session at this point for about twenty years. Some of the teachers who taught here were John H. Warwick, Uriah Bird, S. L. Brown, Preston Cosby, H. M. Lockridge, Albert Nottingham, Charles Cook, and the last school that was taught in this building was by our good neighbor Mrs. Alice Brooks, who also taught the first school in the building that is now in use.

In the Dunmore community we have the following schools; Hillside, Buzzard, Thorny Creek, McLaughlin, Curry and Dunmore. The Dunmore school was started in a one room building in 1880. Miss Emma Warwick was the first teacher. Our town now has a two room building which is located a short distance from where the old building stood.

The whole community has access to a first slass high school at Greenbank, which is being well attended.

MINERAL SPRINGS---------- TIMBER

Dunmore is noted for its fine mineral springs. The Lithia spring is gaining favor for its purity and the analyses shows this spring to be very similar to the famous Eureka Springs in Arkansas.

The Blue Sulphue, Magnesia and Chlybeat are yet quietly sliding along to the Greenbrier River unappreciated.

The farmers were first attracted to this beautiful valley. We wonder if it was not the beauty of the scenery which compares with that of Switzerland, so says an artist who has recently toured that wonderful country.

The valuable white pine invited many lumberman. The first railroad brought to Pocahontas county was located on Thomas Creek.

the fat sleek horses bear the honor of the transportation of this railroad from Staunton, Virginia.(This was for the transportation of logs to the mill and did not connect with outside railroads.)

A large portion of the timber was floated out of Sitlington Creek into the Greenbrier River and on to Moncevert. Today the white pine is exhausted and the hardwood is being manufactured here and shipped in lumber via the Greenbrier Division of the C. & O. railway.

The narrow pathways are fast being replaced by good roads and State Highways.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

FIRST THINGS IN MARLINTON (Continuation of report for April 3 on the history of Marlinton)

The first court was held under an oak tree on the west side of the river by Squire G. M. Kee. The first lawyer to plead in Marlinton was F. J. Snyder a noted lawyer who lived in Huntersville. He was opposed that day by L. M. McClintic who was just starting on his professional career.

The first term of the Circuit Court was held in 1893. The election to move the county seat from Huntersville to Marlinton was held in the fall of 1891, and a Temporary Court House, and old wooden structure was erected.

The judge was Judge A. N. Campbell of Monroe County. He was a great lawyer over six feet tall, with a heavy black beard, and weighed 315 pounds.

The first sheriff of the county Major William Poage, lived at Marlinton. His house was near Eleventh Street on Camden Avenue. In this house was born James A. Moffett who in his lifetime was president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

The first postmaster was James Atlee Price.

The first student to go to college from this place was Rev. William T. Price A. B., A. M., D. D.

The first bank was the Bank of Marlinton in 1899.

The first newspaper was the Pocahontas Times, founded in 1882 at Huntersville and moved to Marlinton in 1892.

The first store was opened by J. R. Apperson in a house now occupied as a dwelling. The first business of any kind established in Marlinton was a combined saw mill and carding mill built by James A. Price before the Civil War. It was in charge of James E. A. Gibbs who later became wealthy by the invention of a sewing machine.

One of the first stores was opened by Paul Golden who is still among us, and still in the mercantile business. A sign that he had painted on the store in his early days caused some hilarity among the nations of the world. It read:

Joseph S. Dilley - continued

"Go no farther to be cheated". The language is loose and capable of two constructions. Anyway it has the right to be grouped under the head of Commercial Candor. (Paul Golden is a Jew who had come here from Europe)

The first school of which there is any official record was a private enterprise. It was opened in a building that stood near Riverside, and it closed after a session or two.

The first teacher's institute was held in 1886 in the Presbyterian Church.

The first church was the Presbyterian on the site of the present church.

The first resident judge of the court was Summers H. Sharp.

The first mayor of the town was Andrew Price.

The first state senator was N. C. McNeil.

The first Presidential Elector was Col. O. E. Kee.

The first delegate to the legislature, L. M. McClintic.

The first member of the county court Dr. Norman R. Price.

The first chief of police, J. A. Sharp.

The first train to arrive was in 1900 when the track was completed to this place.

The first jail delivery was when Armstrong and Cumberland got out of jail at dusk one evening in the nineties. The jail had been completed and it was the modern idea of a strong jail. It was confidently expected that it would hold any body. The county had suffered a series of bold robberies and suspicion had attached to Alex Armstrong, an intelligent colored man, a native of this county, who had removed to an Ohio town. It was thought that he raided this county regularly and that he would come to the nearest railroad station, make a quick trip into the county and return with his booty. This belief was so sure that the authorities waited and watched for his return, and he showed up one winter day traveling incognito with a big, burly, strange negro. R. E. Burns arrested them and they were indicted and convicted of the robbery of Capt. A. M. Edgar, held up at the point of a revolver in his own house at nightfall.

He called the jailor in and then got between him and the door and made their escape. A large force of volunteers patroled the roads all night and in the morning found the negroes about two miles from Marlinton. They had gotten lost and had wandered all night and when captured were about exhausted.

The two oldest buildings still standing are the Toll House and the McLaughlin House.

From - Pocahontas Times - 1923

By - Andrew Price

CORRECTION

In my manuscript on the History of Marlinton mailed in about April 3. I made this statement. "This is the oldest land mark east of the Mississippi".

It should read thus:

(This is the oldest land mark in the Mississippi basin.)

Inventory of Materials

Topic: County History W. Va.

Title: Development of Pocahontas County

Author: Reba F. Yeager

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 660 Words

Status:

Editor: _____

Contents: Fairly complete account of the Development of Pocahontas County. Gives story of purchase of Marlin's Bottom by Col. John McNeal, building of Greenbrier Railroad, first newspaper, banks, telephone; natural resources etc.

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Mrs. Nella P. Yeager

Nella Yeager

From article taken from the Diary of Captain H. as Yeager

Nella Yeager

DEVELOPMENT OF POCAHONTAS COUNTY

6

(The facts concerning the development of this county in the last decade of the nineteenth century which were momentous years for Pocahontas County.)

In December 1890 a great snow fell known as the "winter of the deep snow;" it lay on the ground to a depth of more than three feet. While that deep snow lay on the ground the late Colonel John T. McGraw of Grafton made a visit to this county and purchased the farms known as Marlins Bottom for a town site, now known as Marlinton and the county seat of Pocahontas.

At the time Col. McGraw purchased Marlins Bottom, historic Huntersville was the County seat. The purchase of the town site by Colonel McGraw was the first intimation that county people had of a proposed railway development. Colonel McGraw, who had invested largely in lands elsewhere in the county never ceased trying to interest capitalists in this county and develop it with a railroad. His tireless energy was rewarded. The Greenbrier Railway was built and finished to Marlinton in 1901. The Coal and Iron was built soon after to connect with it at Durbin. In two years Pocahontas County changed from being one of the few counties in the State without a railroad to a county having the greatest railway mileage of any county in the state.

Marlinton began to improve at once. It was incorporated at the April Term of Court, 1900, and held its first election of officers May 5th 1900.

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The first Bank to go into business in the county was the Bank of Marlinton in 1899 and later in the same year, the Pocahontas Bank was opened. For more than a year these Banks carried in large sums of money by special messengers from the nearest express stations from forty five to fifty seven miles distant, over lonely roads. At the time of the railroad development the natural resources had never been touched. Vast areas of iron ore land in the east of the county will some day make Pocahontas County famous as an iron field.

It was discovered in the nineties that Pocahontas County has a vast supply of marble which is equal in value to any marble ever found in the United States and it will some day be ranked high among the marble deposits of the world. It was reported by specialists in marble that the Pocahontas Marble was not good. The best evidence that we have that the report was false is that they could not purchase it. The citizens of Pocahontas County know that they have treasures in Marble Mountain. In this great mountain of marble in Pocahontas County and extending into Randolph County we find white, brown and a beautiful green marble. When the time comes for Pocahontas citizens to develop it, the right kind of capitalists will share in it. Capitalists who will not want

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to take over the great marble area and take the county's resources and money to some distant city. Let the shipping point be here and by the citizens.

The bulk of the timber has been taken out and floated down the Greenbrier River by the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company, having removed in this manner a quarter of a billion feet of white pine.

The walnut and cherry have been taken out by rafting on the Greenbrier which was once an important industry, rafting floods in the river being anxiously watied for.

There were a number of skillful pilots who could thread their way with a raft of 50,000 feet of lumber between the rocks of this swift river.

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April 18, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

NB

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 4 - Section 2.

It was just one hundred and sixty-five years ago when irate West Virginians paid off a long standing grudge against the Ohio Indians at Point Pleasant. Ever since the close of the French and Indian was, 1763, the Indian Nations who resented being "sold down the river" by the French, continued to pester the frontiersmen by murderous raids and sneaking attacks. In May, 1774, the House of Burgesses authorized the raising of an army and no time was lost in getting down to business. Each county already had a well organized militia system. Gen. Andrew Lewis was given command of the southern wing of the army which included Augusta, Botetourt and Fincastle. Botetourt included the Greenbrier Settlements. The troops were massed at present Lewisburg. Capt. John Stuart commanded a company of thirty-seven men raised from the vicinity of the present Pocahontas County. His sergeants were James Donnally, Chas. O'Hara, and Harriman Skidmore. His musketeers were Daniel Erkman, Samuel Williams, Wm. O'Hara, Robert O'Hara, James Pauley, Archibald McDowell, Wm. Hogan, Andrew Gardiner, Quavy Lockhart, Samuel Sullivan, Thomas Ferguson, John McCandles, Thomas Gillispie, Henry Lawrence, John Crain, Wm. Dyer, Edward Smith, John Harris, Joseph Currence, William Clendenin, Spencer Cooper, Daniel Taylor, Jos. Day, Jacob Lockhart, Geo. Clendenin, John Burke, Charles Kinnison, William Ewing, John Doherty, John McNeel, and Jos. Campbell. The names of these men should be emblazoned in bronze at Marlinton for they had

and Thomas Ferguson. Thus did Greenbrier Valley men valliantly acquit themselves on this first field of battle for American Independence. Had not Gov. Dunmore stopped them at the Ohio, these Virginians would doubtless either annihilated the Ohio Indians on their own ground or driven them out of the country.

(This was taken from an article written by A. E. Ewing, of Grand Rapids, Michigan and published in the Pocahontas times October, 1939.)

The following is a note written by Calvin Price, Editor of Times:

Naturally, I agree with Mr. Ewing's suggestion of an appropriate bronze marker with the names of our Indian fighters thereon. Probably someday we will stir ourselves and do this belated honor. There is a rub however, and that is the fact that what now embraces Pocahontas was divided between Augusta and Botetourte counties back in the time of the Revolution. Everything north of Swago was considered Augusta and below that creek was considered Botetourte - no line having been surveyed until 1785, eight years after the formation of Greenbrier in 1777, as between Harrison and Greenbrier. While the roster of Captain Stuart's has been preserved, so many of the rosters of Augusta county have been lost. Off hand I would say that our men went out under Capt. George Moffett, and I have never seen a list of his soldiers. He spent most of the summer of 1774 repairing the fort at

wants to real...

Clover Lick, and recruited his men from this section. Off hand, again I can recall some of them: the Warwicks, the Camerons, the Sitlingtons, the Wooddells, the Poages, the Waughs, the Slavens, William Sharp, Moses Moore, the Drinnons, the Bridgers, the Friels, John Johnson, and the Arbogasts. Until the list of our heroes can be made complete, it might be a good idea to defer the idea of the bronze tablet.

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Pocahontas

Juanita S. Dilley
Clover Lick, West Virginia

Chapter 4 Part a. Question 5.

TOWNS SETTLED AND OCCUPATIONS ESTABLISHED FROM 1810 TO 1860

The early settlers of Pocahontas did not settle many towns. Huntersville being the only one of any importance. William Sharp Sr. was the first permanent settler at Huntersville, but John Bradshaw was the one who did the most toward making the town one of importance.

For a number of years previous to the organization of the county in 1821, Huntersville had been a public place as merchants and tradesmen from the east would arrange to meet hunters here and barter goods for the products of the hunt. It was suggested by some that Smithville would be a good name for the place, but John Bradshaw insisted upon the name Huntersville as a special compliment to the hunters who came to his home to meet the tradesmen, including John Harness of Staunton , and to who the place owed so much of its development. It was John Bradshaw, too, who gave enough land, from his vast estate to the county as a place to build all the public buildings so that Huntersville could become the county seat when the county was organized in 1821. A site near Edray had been chosen for the county seat, but after Bradshaw's offer was changed.

For many years after it became the county seat it retained its importance as the principal trading center for the entire county. The largest stores were usually there. Many people came each month to the courts and once a year the "Big Muster"of the 127th Virginia Regiment brought out all the men between the ages of 18 and 45 for military practice. During the superior courts and the Regimental Muster quite a number of people from the eastern counties would come here to sell hats, saddles, harness, stone ware, tobacco, thirty cent whiskey, and many other things. Therefore, the little town of Huntersville flourished in a big way. It was no unusual thing for its merchants to realize three to

four hundred percent on dry goods and groceries during the period 1822 to 1845.

During the winter 1852 almost all of the business, part of the town was destroyed by fire. During the Civil War it was burned by Federal troops, sent from Beverly, to present it being a Confederate depot for military supplies.

After the war it again grew into an important little town. Flourshing stores were operated by Amos Barlow. Lourey and Son, Lourey and Doyle. Improved methods of farming were adopted and the town took on a more pleasing appearance than ever before.

One of the principals hotels was operated by J. Williams, John Bussard, John Holden, Porterfield Wallace, I. C. Carpenter and E. Campbell in succession, but was burned by federal troops during the Civil War.

Salooning was for many years a flourishing business but in 1848 licenses for salooning was refused by the Court. This of course did away with saloons in the county.

Blacksmithing was also an excellent business as there was much horse shoeing and wagon repairing to be done. Finleys' shop stood near the Cummings Creek road and from three to four hands were employeed. Another shop was operated by Jack Tidd., Later by William Dilley, a very skilled artisan; and G. W. Ginger in succession. (Though Ginger was not there until after the war)

For many years a thriving business was carried on in the harness and saddle business. First by John Haines who employed four or five hands. After by William Fertig, and later by William Grose and Son.

Tailoring was also a thriving business. Messers Campbell, John and James Holden employed several men and were kept busy during early fall and winter or when weddings were in prospects. Weddings also gave the saddles a good trade. It was considered good form for the bride to have a new outfit, horse, saddle and bridle. The groom would not think he had much chance of success if he did not do his courting on a new saddle and bridle made at Huntersville.

[illegible]

HISTORY OF KNAPPS CREEK COMMUNITY

(Written by Enid Harper)

In the eastern part of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, is Knapps Creek which has its source in the Alleghany Mountains about five miles above Frost. Its two branches unite at Frost from which place it continues to flow along the base of the mountains to the place where it empties into the Greenbrier River at Marlinton, a distance of almost twenty miles from Frost. The East Fork of the Creek is fed by a stream which comes forth out of the rugged mountain side near Paddys Knob, a peak with an elevation of 4450 feet.

One of the principal tributaries of Knapps Creek of the Minehaha neighborhood which carries with it the waters of Cochrans Creek. At Huntersville Knapps Creek receives two other streams, Browns Creek from one side and Cummings Creek from the other.

Along the valley are numerous limestone springs, the waters of which are cold, an indication of purity. These help to make the creek larger. The first of them is a bold spring gushing out from under a hill near the fine home of S. Gibson. Further down the valley we find the stream called Mill Run near I. B. Moore's which receives water from a number of springs within a half mile. Next is the Mill Run at D. W. Dever's flowing through his farm where fine cattle graze. From here we go on to W. G. Rockren's where there is another stream of about equal volume. The source of it is also a magnificent never failing stream.

Last but no least is the famous Minnehaha Spring on the Lockbridge property. The crystal water of this spring is of a healing and medical nature. It has been shipped to various parts of the country.

Origin of Names - "The Hills is the hilly region in the northwest of the valley. These are very productive lands and are excellent for fruit and grazing. They were at one time heavily timbered but now only small tracts remain uncut.

The creek from which our good community takes its name was known as Ewings Creek in the earliest land papers but was soon changed to Knapps Creek in honor of a man by the name of Knapp who came into the Valley from Virginia prior to 1749.

A report of this country probably led Martin and Sewell to make explorations in the Greenbrier Valley. At first the name of the creek was spelled N-A-P-S, later it was changed to KNAPPS.

While here Knapp lived in a cabin on the west side of the creek about opposite the place where Mrs. P. L. Cleek now lives. It is not definitely known what became of him.

Indians. There are evidences that the Indians once roamed through the thick forrests which covered what is now our beautiful section of country. Pieces of flint have been found by our citizens which were no doubt used by the Red Race. There was an Indian burial ground on a flat above the road a short distance up the valley from I. B. Moore's dwelling. Indications were to the older people that several Indians had been buried here. It has been said that a few relics were found in later years when some excavations were made.

Early settlers. Michael Dougherty, a native of Ireland, settled in our valley near where W. G. Buckman lives about the year 1770. He was one of the first to occupy the Knapps Creek Region. The same year Moses Moore of Virginia came to Knapps Creek. It is interesting to note that he bought the land extending from J. L. Herold's to D. W. Dever's for the consideration of two steel bear traps and two pounds of English sterling. One of the traps is in the possession of I. B. Moore at this writing. The original cabin of Moses Moore was built on land now owned by Mrs. Myrta Moore.

Mr. Moore was fond of hunting and would frequently spend several days in the region of the Upper Greenbrier searching for game. One Sunday morning while sitting at his camp reading the Bible he was surrounned and captured by five or six Indians who compelled him to march to Ohio with them but through his cunningness he managed to escape and return to what is now Pocahontas County.

It is believed that the pioneer, Felix Grimes and his wife selected a site for a home in the hills near the Mt. Zion Church at a date preceeding 1800.

Old records show that John Sharp, Sr., Christopher Herold, Henry Harper, and John Miller settled in our community between the years of 1800 and 1825 inclusive. He

We also mention that Lenty Lockridge and Michael Black came to the Valley early in the nineteenth century.

It was a task for the pioneers to clear the forest and build their homes with the poor equipment they had. They worked with a shop made poll axe. In places the thickets of white thorn and wild crab was almost impenetrable. When a primitive forest of white pine, sugar maple, and other trees of large size was cut, a log-rolling was soon in order and they were burned. Bears and wolves were numerous and sheep had to be penned near by the house to protect them.

Land. Many of these hardy pioneers were granted land by James Monroe, John Tyler, and other governors of Virginia between the years of 1800 and 1825. Some of them made difficult trips to Richmond in order that the title of the land where they settled might be made good. The value of the land was small in comparison with the cost per acre now. Old land grants show that one conveyance of land was made as late as 1857 at a little more than one cent per acre. This was a tract of timber land containing 11,000 acres in the Alleghany mountains which extend over to Back Creek. The sum paid for it only sixty-seven years ago (1790) was $150.00. Since that time it has been sold and resold and millions of feet of valuable timber has been cut on it.

Making of a Rifle - At one time a man by the name of Evick lived in what is known as the Evick Hollow near Grover Moore's. He manufactures the Evick Rifle which was a famous gun in its day. We are told that one of these guns may be seen at the Pocahontas Times office. There may be some other hollows along the mountain that received names from men who were not permanent settlers.

Timber and saw mills. A fine lot of white pine timber stood along the foot of the Alleghany. Nearly all the good trees that grew on the level were destroyed because the settlers needed improved land more than timber. A number of sugar groves were left for the purpose of making maple sugar and syrup. The mountain timber has been going on the market since 1880. The white pine was cut first. The logs were peeled and floated down Anapia Creek and the Greenbrier River to Ronceverte where they were manufactured by the St. Lawrence Manufacturing Company.

Capt. A. E. Smith and James Whiting, who did business under the firm name of

[illegible] and Whiting, had ten million feet of white pine cut each year for a period of six or seven years.

At that time hardwood seemed to be of little value. During the past fifteen or twenty years it has been cut rapidly, perhaps as much as one hundred and fifty to two hundred million feet have been taken from Knapps Creek and Douthards Creek and some valuable tracts are still standing.

The first saw mills to dot this section were the up and down mills run by water power. If we are rightly informed, there were three of these; one owned and operated by Moore's at a point about opposite Moore Schoolhouse, one was on the Lockridge farm where Douthards creek unites with Knapps Creek, and the third mill was built by Henry Harper and operated by him and his son Samuel, for a number of years. This last mill continued sawing until about 1880 and was the last mill of its kind to be operated in the community. Sometimes during the eighties P. M. Harper sawed lumber on this mill to build his house where Mrs. B. A. Pritchard now lives.

The first circular saw mill in this neighborhood was brought here from Augusta county, Virginia, for Wise Herold and I. B. Moore. Many people visited the new mill to observe its working.

Grist mill. The first mill to grind grain was the one owned by Michael Dougherty on the Mill Run where he settled. Peter Lightner, who was a well known citizen here in 1886, had a mill on the run at D. W. Dever's. Joseph Sharp, a pioneer of Frost, had a mill constructed close where A. A. Sharp now resides, one-half mile from the village.

Henry Harper also had a grist mill which ground wheat, corn and buckwheat. It was located on the farm owned by Harmon Shinoberry. In connection with the grist mill Mr. Harper had a saw mill which has already been mentioned, a tan-yard, and one of the old fashioned tilthammer blacksmith shops. The tilthammer was run by water-power. The mill for grinding grain crushed the kernels between two large revolving stones which were brought from Rockbridge county, Virginia. It was not used longer than 1896.

The Civil War. No battles of the Civil War were fought on the territory embraced within the Knapps Creek Community but brave men who have lived here were in service.

Drinnon a member of this distinguished family. I think the Drinnons went to the northwest part of this state.

Robert Moore, my grandfather, who was captured by the Indians (see W. T, Price's History of Pocahontas for a full account of this capture). Robert Moore, Sr. once lived at the Bridger place, and reared his family there. My father, Isaac Moore, was born and raised there. One brother, Andrew, fell from a tree and was killed while other members of the family were stirring offa kettle of sugar. About 1820, Robert Moore, Sr. Moved to Edray and settled on the Drinnon holdings. He and his boys opened up a fine farm and erected a fine two story building in the Community. I believe the lumber that went into the house was sawed with the whipsaw as at that time there was no water power saw mills. The broad ax was extensively used in getting out all heavy timber for buildings. Robert Moore and his wife lived and died in the brick mansion, and were buried in the Edray Grave yard. He was born in 1768, died 1858, age 90 years. His wife was born 1771, died 1855, age 84 years. These graves were the first in the Edroy Graveyard; Robert Moore's real estate was divided with his boys and one daughter. The names of the sons were Isaac, James, William and Robert Jr. Robert received the old homestead, liged there many years and sold to J. W. Sharp about 1867 for seven thousand dollars. That included the upper part of the place, now owned by Isaac Sharp's heirs. I want to say just here, there was an old house stood about half way between the old brick house and the gate at the road. I think the old settler built and occupied this house while the brick house was being erected. When I was a small boy, elections were held in the old house. There was no ticket or ballot used. The Commissioner or "Conductor of Election asked the voter; "Who do you vote for?"

My father Isaac Moore, settled in the woods where I now live. Father's house was a hewed log house, about 16X20 ft; shingle roof, chinked and daubed walls; one door and one window in the first story, and some in second story. The porch was on the side and stairs went up from the porch.

The soil of Edrey Community is productive. The upland is largely limestone, naturally sod, with the blue grass when shed is taken off. The flat land below the

mountains is sand stone; not s a rich as the limestone and not so good for grazing, but better for farming when improved; produces well and less liable to wash from heavy rains.

As to the timber, this community has been covered with all kinds of hard wood, bass bood; some spruce high on the mountains and hemlock along thestreams. Some of the most valuable timber is black walnut, ash, cherry, red oak and white oak, a great deal of which has been cut and shipped. Other hardwoods are Chestnut oak, some black oak, pink oak and sugar. There is some yellow pine on the flats.

Edroy Community can boast of the best water in the state. Both limestone and free stone. There are many bold springs around the foot of the mountains. Always flowing, never dry, namely. At Elmer Sharp's, E.K. Sharp's and also a sulphur spring at E. K. Sharp's, a bold spring at the Cochran place, at A. C. Barlow's head of Big Spring, now owned by the Bank of Marlinton and sufficient to run a grist mill with twenty foot overshot water wheel. Other bold springs at Mrs. M. K. Sharp's G. W. Mann's and Drinnon Spring at Mrs. J.W. Price's at Edray. John D. Gay owns head of Indian Draft. There are many drilled wells in the flats all good water.

Some of the first schools were taught on the old farm homes. One among the first, if not the first, was in an old house near Mrs. George Baxter's home. The house was a round log structure, clepboard roof, held in place with press poles. The fireplace took up most of one end of the house. It was made of rough stone. Chimney made of slate and mud. Now, for light, paper was pasted over cracks and greased to let in the light. Other cracks in the building were chinked and daubed. Seats were made of split logs or poles, holes bored and pins put in for legs. The term of school was about three months. The salary was one dollar per scholar a month. Writing was done with quill pens. The teacher boarded with the scholars. My father Isaac Moore, taught at this school when a young man. The first schools were called "Open Schools." Everyone spelled and read aloud.

The first Church in Edray Community was built on Stony Creek and called Hanlin Chapel. It is a hewed log building. Cracks Chinked and daubed, shooed shingle roof, side galleries, seats,--long benches with slot backs, door in one end

of building, elevated pulpit in other end, two small 12 light windows on sides. Some years ago the side galleries were taken out and the building ceiled. Benches were taken out and chairs put in. This church is still in use and was built in 1835; as the records show it was deeded July 4, 1835.

Edray Church was built in 1863 E. D. King was the contractor and builder. Contract price above foundation $700.00. For this work Lakin and Peters furnished about twenty thousand feet of lumber from their mill at Clover Lick, delivered at the Gay Siding; which is now the Fair Grounds, for ten dollars per thousand white pine lumber. Everything summed up, all told, the Edray church cost $2032.25 .

Edray Post Office was the first post office in Edray Community.

When looking for a name, Mrs. Eliza Moore, mother of the late George P. Moore being a Bible reader, suggested a Bible name and said "Call the post office Edrei" Leaving off the ei and adding ry making Edray the name of the first post office. This office was established about 1850. As soon as Geo. P. Moore was of age, he became post master and continued to be until his death in 1922. He was the oldest post master in the U. S. A.

From Pocahontas Times ---Nov. 4, 1926

INVENTORY OF MATERIALS

Topic: Counties W. Va.

Title: Edray District, Pocahontas County

Author: Rella F. Yeager

Status: Complete Date Submitted: _____ Length: 888 Words

Editor: _____

Contents: Fairly complete account of Edray District, Pocahontas County. Guns/location, boundaries, surface, drainage, first settlers, description of first mills, school, post office; early churches & ministers; story of massacre of Drennen family.

Source:

Consultant:

Reliability:

File: _____

Folder: _____

A-2702

Malvia Price

Rollan H. Yeager
McNeill
6
Drennin's Search
Checked
History

Edray district lies in the western part of the county, is bounded on the north by Randolph County; northeast by Greenbank District; east by Huntersville district; south by Little levels District and west by Webster County. The surface is rough and mountainous. In the north are the Middle Mountains and southern continuations of the Elk and Cheat Mountains; in the center are the Black Mountains and in the east and southeast rise the lofty peaks of Buckley, Marlins and Brushy ranges.

The principal drainage is to the west with the exceptions of Swago Creek, Stony Creek and one or two other small streams which flow east and fall into the Greenbrier River. All the streams flow west and form the head waters of Gauley and Elk Rivers, but they have been named in the general view of the county.

The first cabin home built within the limits of Edray District was that erected by Marlin and Sewell near the present site of Greenbrier Bridge in the 1749 and which was long known as Marlins Bottom now changed to Marlinton, the county seat of Pocahontas County. This settlement was as tho' it had not been. The first actual settlers who found what they were looking for - HOMES - were Thomas Drennin, Jacob Warwick, William Sharp, Robert Moore, John Johnson, Thomas Johnson, Robert Gay, William Poage, Patrick Slaterly, Robert Duffle, Thomas Brock, Lawrence Drennin and John Smith.

The first grist mill was built by Jonathan McNeill in the early part of 1800. It was located on Swago Creek, a short distance from its mouth.

years. His son, Solomon Conrad, who was a veteran of the war of 1812, after going through the war and being honorably discharged took charge of the home place and rebuilt the mill, which was made to grind buckwheat and wheat. About 1840, he built and operated an up and down saw mill, until the close of the Civil War. This mill, known as the Conrad Mill, was considered first class, making the very best corn meal, buckwheat and wheat flour. In connection with the saw mill he had a dry kiln, and always had some of the very best white pine lumber to sell. In that day and time no log was sawed into lumber unless it was the very best.

The old mill site and the Solomon Conrad homestead has been the home of O. L. Orndorff, a grandson, who, in 1893, had to re-roof and weatherboard the old home, and employed Warwick Hudson and Newton Ervin to rebuild the chimneys. This is the oldest house in the Greenbank community, having stood 115 years or more. It is on the colonial style, with its massive chimneys, and old time fire places and spacious mantels in a fine state of preservation and has the appearance of standing another century.

In the year 1822, Patrick Bruffey purchased from Jacob Gillispie and James Tallman, 134 acres of land, which was part of the Thomas Jarvis Grant of 400 acres. He built a grist mill and saw mill and carved a mill race out of the hill side more than a quarter of a mile. This same mill race has been in constant use for a period of 112 years and is still running. In connection with the saw mill, he established a wagon shop,

blacksmith shop, and supplied the neighborhood with wagons. The late William Sutton of the hill neighborhood, learned the wagon makers trade under Patrick Bruffey and carried on the work long after the Civil War. Patrick Bruffey was Magistrate in the community for several years and became Sheriff of Pocahontas County later.

The pioneer, Daniel Kerr, who, soon after the Revolutionary War, located on Deer Creek, now below the town of Boyer, established a grist mill, saw mill, blacksmith shop and managed a store and his place became one of industry for that part of the community. A lathe was installed at this place and was operated by Frederick Phillips, who was a wheelright, and made spinning wheels, looms, reels, spools, spool frames, and chairs. The site of this old mill may be seen on the north side of the creek near the east end of the Hevener farm.

The pioneer Luday Taylor, who was a veteran of the war of 1812, purchased land from Solomon Townsend and others in 1819, and settled on Galford's Creek. He erected a grist mill and a saw mill. This mill was kept in running condition until about 1880, and had its niche in the early advancement and development of that part of Greenbank community. The old Luday Taylor homestead is now owned by Arch Galford.

Thus is noted some of the early developments of Greenbank District, Pocahontas County, which District now leads the County in industrial development.

Della H. Gregory

(Above information gotten from local sources)

A 4 Sharp
Family History
5 files -
By Ward Sharp

Charleston - Section 11 b - 3

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 5, 1940

The trip last week was over to Clarksburg to rehash a few feeble jests before that friendly society, the Kiwanis Club, and tell them builders where to head in. The invite came through the courtesy of Rupert Sinsel. He is a kinsman through the Warwick line. I am only hoping I did not say too much to disgrace the family reputation in those parts.

The Sinsels are a strong family connection in Borbour county. Their connection with the Warwick relationship is though the marriage of a daughter of Charles Cameron See, son of Adam and Mary Warwick See, the latter a daughter of Major Jacob Warwick of Pocahontas county. Charles Cameron See's wife was a daughter of Dr Squire Bosworth of Beverly.

I recall my father, the late Dr. William T. Price, telling intrestingly of a visit he paid to the Sensel family when he went out with the Tin Cup Campaign to Grafton in 1861 to defend the Commonwhalth from invasion from the north. The Sinsel children said they were glad to see cousin, but for the sake of peace and harmony not to talk war before Grand pa Sinsel, and not to mention the mission which brought him to those parts. He could get by all right, as no uniforms had been issued to the Virginia soldiers for this first campaign.

Morning came after a pleasant social evening and a night of restful repose. Like in all regulated households, then as now, the day was fairly begun with family prayer. The old patriarch had the young minister read the Scripture portion, but he reserved to himself the matter of leading the prayer. The gist of the most fervent petitions was that the Union of States be preserved; by gentle persuasion if possible, but by unleashed force if necessary.

I have the impression pa did not especially appreciate being prayed against, but what could he do about it?

For about eight years—from 1784 to 1792—from Saulsbury Run to Swago Creek, from Boyer to Buckeye grandjury return indictments for murder against many of our prominent people. They had been Confederate soldiers, and were hailed before a civil court to answer for acts of war

It kind of leaked out that the indictment would be quashed by the judge for cash consideration. I never heard tell of any of the true bills being taken care of in this easy, quiet, crooked way. My recollection is the court records will show the indictment against Captain Jacob W Marshall, of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, was not thrown out of court until sometime in the eighties when Judge Homer Holt was on the bench.

Anyway the people quietly organized a lynching bee to deal summarily with the Judge Harrison on his return to Lewisburg from the Huntersville court. In some way the word leaked to the judge and he went home by way of Anthony Creek instead of the usual route, the Lewisburg and Marlins Bottom Turnpike I have heard the rspe was to be tied to the Marlinton bridge when they dropped the judge in the river.

Then the judge got in a mess at the Lewisburg court; got knocked through a window by the clerk of the court; went west and died within my own recollectiom in a poor house in Colorado.

All this is just leading up to say that the late Spencer Dayton appeared on the scene at a time when a lot of good people were in need of an advocate. The local attorneys were debarred by reason of the test oath. They could not swear they had not aided and abetted the late Southern Confederacy.

Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescues, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minnie balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

It was Spencer Dayton who came into the breach. He came here from Summersville, over the Nicholas Trail through the Black Forest. It is said he disliked to wear shoes, and that he walked the distance barefooted, carrying his shoes and only putting them on when he came in sight of the court house. Anyway, the sur

the See—

Nelle Y. McLaughlin,
Marlinton, W. Va.

a big part of Pocahontas was in the original confines of Harrison county. However, times were such, our people did not do much business so far as the records go in their county seat a week's walk away on the West Fork of the Monongahela. If ever I get a peaceful moment in Clarksburg I will look up the court records for those eight years.

The Harrison County Line it still a landmark here. Beginning at the Ohio River below Parkersburg it crossed Williams River at the Falls and Greenbrier River at the Hockley Rocks above the mouth of Swago and thence to the Top of Alleghany where the Greenbrier and Pocahontas line corners on the State boundary. This survey was made in 1785. This line dividing Botetourte and Alleghany, had been projected years before. It was recognized though never surveyed. The reason I say recognized is th Ewings, Kinnisons and Mc Neels went to Point Pleasant in 1774 with Botetourte companies, for they lived below Swago; the Poages, John sons, Moores, Warwicks, Camerons, who lived above Swago, went out with Augusta companies.

About all that can be said about our people being a part of Harrison county is that while it was so said on the book for eight years they were a part of it, in reality they did not know nor do much about it.

In counties west of us, the bearing of the old Harrison county line was taken by the old surveyors as the base line in running out the land grants.

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakesperian scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written something about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

side of a strong lawyer was then available to an opposed people. I don't know of any of the trumped up murder cases coming to trial; certainly there were no convictions; eventually through the years the indictments were thrown out of court.

As for the indictment against Captain Stopher in some way appeal was taken to the Federal Court at Clarksburg, where the case was baffled along until the state restored the right of franchise to the Confederate soldier, and then dropped.

This, sketchily, is the tradition of Spencer Dayton, the lawyer from the North, in Pocahontas county at a time when a lot of good people sure needed the help he so ably and so cheerfully rendered them.

You know, I never pose as a person with a message. In fact, when it comes to men with messages and women with missions, I devoutly ask a merciful heaven to deliver us, along with sudden death, bone erysipelas and poison ivy. However, I did tell those West Forkers down in Clarksburg that since their hick town was now something more than a wide place on the old Northwest Pike it was about time they were realizing the need of culture, and for heaven's sake to do the right thing by Salem College. This fine old school is ekeing out a somewhat precarious existence. Once it was down the pike aways, it is now just exactly far enough out in a suburban area. It is living up to and beyond its honorable traditions by doing a bigger and better work than ever before. Woefully is it handicapped by cut throat competition from State supported schools—which cannot be helped—and through lack of means to really meet the demands for higher education by Clarksburg boys and girls, so many of whom cannot go elsewhere—which can be helped.

It happens to be in name a Baptist College—tank or deep water I cannot say—but I do say the West Forker who would refuse moral and financial support to such a local institution because it bears not the name of his particular persuasion, the lid of the pit is popping for his lean old narrow soul.

I tried to tell them what the city of Richmond had done for the University of Richmond, a so called denominational college; what Huntington had done for Marshall College; what Charleston is liable to wake up and do for Morris Harvey; how Morgantown has been dead asleep at the switch as regards any apparent local interest, which would cost anything in the way of money and effort, for the advancement of West Virginia University.—

Oh, I tried to throw the gad to those boys of the friendly society, who talk so big of service. For after all is said and done, the ordinary institution of higher learning—whether denomination, State or endowment proposition—is first and foremost a local industry. Regardless of everything, such institutions flourish or languish in relation to the light of community culture, whether bright or dickey.

After the Civil War
Indictments and the Test oath

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence somewhat as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an unlovely character. One item in many counts our people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

The space is all used up and not a word about that local Clarksburg institution, Wade Pepper, writer extraordinary for the Clarksburg Exponent; Carlisle Wade, a Marlinton boy making good with the West Penn; who was so nice to me; how I missed seeing Forrest McNeill by a day, like has happened every time so often the past forty years; how Paul McNeill, another Pocahontas product, treated me so kindly.

I did the best I knew how to please. I started out in a lady-like glow: soon I perspired in a gentlemanly way, and wound up sweating like a horse. I am not going back unless they ask me.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROPOSED ROADSIDE MARKERS FOR WEST VIRGINIA

Send any suggested changes at once to
HISTORIC MARKER COMMISSION
City Building, Charleston, W.Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Formed from Bath, Pendleton, Randolph and Greenbrier in 1821. Named for Pocahontas, Indian princess, the friend of the Jamestown settlers. Site of Droop Mountain battle, Nov. 6, 1863. The famous Cranberry Glades are here.

(5 Boundary Markers)

Pocahontas-Greenbrier	U.S.219
Pocahontas-Randolph	U.S.219
Pocahontas-Randolph	U.S.250
Pocahontas-Virginia	U.S.250
Pocahontas-Pendleton	W.Va. 28

MARLINTON

Settled, 1749, by Sewell and Marlin. The oldest recorded settlement on western waters. Here stood oak, marking corner of first survey west of Alleghenies. Here was Fort Greenbrier, built, 1755, and garrisoned by General Lewis.

(Opposite Side)

MARLINTON

The old Seneca Indian Trail from New York to Georgia still may be seen nearby. During the French and Indian War, 18 settlers lost lives in vicinity. During Indian raids in 1779, 13 were killed and many were taken captive.

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POCAHONTAS COUNTY (Continued)

"TRAVELERS' REPOSE"

Made famous in novels of Hergesheimer, Bierce and others. This is the country of "Tol'able David". On the neighboring hills are the Confederate trenches of W.L. Jackson's troops. Scene of minor engagements, 1861.

MILLPOINT

Here Stephen Sewell camped in 1750. Site of Fort Day, 1774. To the north, Indians killed James Bridger, father of the noted Oregon Trail scout, with his brother. Here James E.A. Gibbs invented chain-stitch sewing machine.

HUNTERSVILLE

Established in 1821. Early trading post here brought hunters and trappers and gave name to the town. In 1822, first county court met here at the cabin of John Bradshaw. Gen. Lee was encamped here in 1861.

HILLSBORO

Here General Averell camped before the Battle of Droop Mountain and after his raid

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HILLSBORO

Here General Averell camped

before the Battle of Droop

Mountain and after his raid

to Salem, Virginia, in 1863.

Settlements were made in the

vicinity in the 1760's by

John McNeel and the Kinnisons.

Birthplace of Pearl Buck.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY (Continued)

DROOP MOUNTAIN

Here, November 6, 1863, Union troops, commanded by General Averell, defeated Confederate forces under General Echols. This has been considered the most extensive engagement in this State and the site was made a State park in 1929.

RIDER GAP

In this mountain gap, through which came early pioneers, Gen. W. W. Loring camped, 1861, with 10,000 Confederates. In July, Gen. Lee succeeded him here. North and south is the mountain road which offers a hundred-mile sky line drive.

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Points of Interest W. Va.

Title: Hillsboro Pocahontas County

Date Submitted: 11-26-37 Length:

Author:

Editor:

Status:

Contents:

Birthplace of Pearl S. Buck
Gives present owner of house,
present condition.

Source:

Questions answered by Postmaster of
Hillsboro.

Consultant:

Reliability:

File:

Folder:

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
OF WEST VIRGINIA
312 Smallridge Building,
Charleston, W. Va.

ALDERSON
INISTRATOR

November 18, 1937.

Pocahontas Co

Postmaster Hillsboro,
West Virginia.

Dear Sir:

A few facts connected with the history of the house in which Pearl S. Buck was born are needed by the Federal Writers' Project for the completion of the Hillsboro story. I shall be greatly obliged if you will supply the answers to the following questions:

Who are the present owners and occupants? Jas R. Edgar
Is it open to visitors? wont bring you if you want in
Has it been changed materially since its construction, inside or outside? Not very much
Is there anything of particular interest to be seen there? just a blown county house

Thanking you for your kind cooperation, I am,

Very truly yours,

John L. Stender

John L. Stender,
State Director
Federal Writers' Project.

JLS:ew

MISCELLANEOUS

Civil War

Shortly after the Civil War a political orator waved the bloody flag at Edray and urged the people to vote the way they had shot. Rev. John Waugh replied to him something like this: "The war is over. It is our duty to promote peace. I had a son in the Confederate army and I had a son in the Union army. If the hostilities continue, the factions will be holding their basket dinners in different hollows." This was the last effort on the part of any speaker to make a bloody flag speech in this county . From 1926 W. Va. Blue Book

* (red) The Civil War marked the division line in this county between the old and the new. The thinking men in the county were especially interested in the 1870 in introducing appliances that the soldiers had observed on their campaigns. This was the line of demarkation between the sickle and the grain cradle, the flintlock rifle and the repeating rifle, the introduction of the steam engine and the portable sawmill to take the place of the water turned mill, kerosene lamps for candle light. M. A. Friel of near Clover Lick owned the first kerosene lamp ever in the county in 1865.

But more than anything else that spurred the business men of Pocahontas County was the success of James E. A. Gibbs, of Marlinton, who after the Civil War found he was rich because of the success of a chain stitch sewing machine he had invented just before the war.

The older citizens of today have seen the adoption of such things as the steam engine, sewing machine (1872), turbine wheel, telephone (1898), printing ships (1982) band mills, and many more. On the other hand, during this period, we lost a great many skilled workmen such as candlemakers, farriers, shoemakers, weavers, spinners, taylors, harnessmakers, saddlers, stonemasons and the like. This was especially true after the covered wagons began to make regular trips to bring in freight form Millboro, Staunton, Huttonsville, and Ronceverte and with the coming of the railroads in 1901 they became fewer and fewer.

The industrial developments were gradual. This county developed along with the internal developments of Virginia through the building of turnpikes in the 1830-50.

At this time our natural resources were practically untouched. Agriculture and grazing of live stock were the chief industires.

*(green) Agriculture was the chief pursuit of the early settlers of Pocahontas county. Because travel was difficult and transportation facilities were meager, the settlers were compelled to be practically self sustaining. Gardening, together with the growing of small patches of buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, largely constituted the early farming enterprises. Later cattle, sheep, and hogs were introduced principally for mildm wool and meat to supplement the supply of wild game and fish that was an important source of food and clothing. Trapping furnished furs and skins that could be traded for the few supplies not produced at home. The bottom lands were generally devoted to grian and hay, and the adjacent slopes were cleared and used for pasture. The land has always been farmed, for the most part, in small tracts by the owners. Few slaves were owned and the freeing of them did not affect agriculture.

Between 1880 and 1890 the production of all grains and crops increased materially. The total acreage in all grains has remained fairly constant since 1890, but acreage in certain crops have fluctuated considerably. Corn has been in the lead at all times followed by either wheat or oays. Hay increased from 10,817 acres in 1879 to 15,138 acres in 1889 and has increased very little since, but the acre yield has been more than doubled. Since 1900 the total number of hogs and cattle has dropped off slightly, but the number of sheep raised and the production of wool, dairy products, poultry and eggs have increased considerably. The acreage occupied by potatoes and garden crops most of which are grown for home use, fluctuates from year to year.

Between 1880 and 1910 the number of farms steadily increased from 682 to 1,198, the latter figure being only 3 below that given by the 1930 census report. As the size of the farms has decreased slightly in the last 50 years, the total amount of land in farms has remained fairly constant.

Poor transportation facilities, long distance from markets, and the need of cash income forced the farmers of this section in early days to turn to the production of beef. Even now with railroad shipping available, it remains the largest source of income. Formerly all cattle, when ready for market, were driven overland. To outside markets, principally Pittsburg, Baltimore and Clarksburg. Many were sold as feeders

the Shenandoah and Potomac Valleys to the east and were later marketed from there.

Practically all the cattle were sold grass fattened.

Farming methods and management were governed largely by the steepness of the land and the size of the farm. Soon after transportation facilities became available the larger land owners brought in mowing machines, reapers, buggy rakes and wagons, but on the smaller patch farms and on steep or stony lands, much of the work was still done by hand, and continues so even today.

* (red) From---Pocahontas Times --- 1929
by --- Andrew Price

* (green) From---Report on Poca. County
by --- Dr. B. H. Williams of the U. S. Depart. of Agri.

Chapter 4 Juanita Wade 37

FIRST COURT OF POCAHONTAS (cont.)

The business of the third day of this historical term of court was the organization of the 127th Regiment of the State Milita as a part of the Virginia military establishment. The following citizens were commissioned as officials:

John Baxter, Colonel

Benjamin Tallman, Lieutenant Colonel

William Blair, Major

Boone Tallman, William Arbogast

Henry Herold, Isaac Moore

and Milburn Hughes, Captains

Andrew G. Mathews

Robert Warwick, William Morgan

William Young and James Rhea, Lieutenants

Jacob Slaven, James Wanless

Samuel Young and

James Callison, Ensigns

Regimental Muster

From the time of the organization of the 127 Regiment on March 7, 1822 until the Civil War, Regimental Muster days were the big social gatherings of the year. It was the one occasion on which all the men of the county had a chance to get together. Every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were required to take part in the military practice.

For several year after the organization of this Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington.

He would bring his drummer and fifer with him, two colored men in bright red uniforms. These colored men were the envy of all the colored men of the county.

The Colonel would train the men for about three days. Then on the fourth day came the yearly regimental, or "Big Muster" as it was usually called. This took place in May just after corn planting. People crowded into Huntersville from all sections of the county and there was much social hilarity. The saloons did a flourshing business. About eleven o'clock the long roll of the drum was heard. The colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street and paraded.the street proceeded by fife and drum. On their return the Colonel instructed the adjutant to have the regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then return to headquarters.

In the meantime the Captain gave orders for the men to fall into ranks. When formed the adjutant placed them in position and reported all in readiness. The Colonel and his staff would appear at the head of the regiment. It was then reviewed by the Colonel and his staff proceeded by the band. Then he would return to the head of the regiment. The order was then given to close ranks and form in column of twos. Soon the whole regiment was on the march to a neighboring field selected for the developments. Two or three hours would be passed in drill and fake battle, then the bugle would sound the retreat. The drum and fife would take up Bonapartes' Retreat from Moscow" and the whole column would return to Huntersville in slow and regular order. There they disbanded.

Cake, beer and other drinks were then passed round. And then came the celebration for which so many had looked forward. Night usually found many of them still in town sorry it did not last longer. Some of them would stage fake battle on their way home which can be illustrated by the following event:

May 1834 on returning from Muster rather late in the evening some of the men were racing their horses in furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, Two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge. Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severly fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel keeper at Huntersville was sent for and Mr. Jordan was taken back to Mr. Gibson's home. John Cochran was employed to nurse him for three months until he was able to return home.

Pocahontas citizens who were colonels of the regiment were: John Baxter, Benjamine Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D.W. Kerr, James Tallman, W.T. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr.

Juanita S. Dilley
Clover Lick, W. Va.

Regimental Muster Day
and
County Officials

June 7, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 5 - Section 2

All my life I have heard of the lost seng patch in the mountains somewhere between the headwaters of Greenbrier River and Shavers Fork Cheat. One of the stories was that Union soldiers on a scouting tour in the mountains came upon an acre or two of seng stalks, growing thick as weeds. There was no time to stop and dig, and those who survived the war never could go back and find the place. At least, that is what they said.

One of these soldiers, who fought under General Averill, was an uncle of Sol Workman (S. S. Workman)of Marlinton. The young soldier marked the place as being on the blazed line of an ancient land survey. He told his nephews, Jim and Sol Workman about it, and how they could find it if they would follow the old land line. At a guess this might have been a line of the old Phillip Survey, made away back just after the American Revolution. One of the lines of one of these old land surveys in that part of the country is nearly twenty miles long on one bearing.

Anyway about thirty years ago before the big timber was cut, Sol and Jim Workman took back packs of provisions and set out to find the lost seng patch. Out from Durbin they found the old line of marked trees, and for the better part of a week they followed the line, senging as they went and sleeping where night came upon them.

Finally they came to the place, on the rocky side

of a ridge, but the late Thomas Kellison of Little Back Creek had beaten them to it by a matter of a few days.

Seng stalks were lying around in piles and bundles. He had made a rich haul. There was plenty of sign too that the patch had been dug years before.

Though the boys missed the big prize, the trip was well worth while as they dug nearly two hundred dollars worth of seng, as they traveled in ferreting out the big patch.

On the trip the boys found that the old line went through such a big patch of laurel, they were the better part of two days working their way through it, camping in the middle of it one night.

Although the big timber was cut years ago, Sol believes he has the place so well marked in his mind that he can make his way to it again.

Pocahontas Times for June 1937

Chapter 5 - Section 2

Mr. James Workman of the Little Levels District gave me the following information:

Along about 1830 or 1840, A. J. Workman, the father of Sol and Jim Workman, bought a farm of 175 acres on Rock Run. He was one of the greatest sengers in the county. I have been told by many people that he could see a stalk of ginseng as far as the eye could carry. He paid for this farm by selling ginseng at seventy-five cents per pound. Mr. Workman told me that in those days ginseng was about the only thing that a farmer could get any money from. Of course, the furs of the mink and coons could be sold or traded for salt, sugar or coffee. Mr. Workman would go to Williams River and stay for weeks at a time. He would take with him only bacon, corn meal and coffee. Sometimes he would not even carry a gun. Once, while out there, he heard a panther kill a deer at night. As he had no gun, he waited until morning and then went to look for what remained of the deer. He said there was about half of the deer remaining and he dressed this and brought it back to use.

Mr. Workman remembers hearing his father talk about trading with John Harness at Huntersville. He would take his pelts, venison and ginseng and would bring home salt, powder, coffee, lead or whatever he could get that he needed.

Besides ginseng, there were other herbs which were sold, such as golden seal and seneca snake root.

Mr. Workman remembers the first white sugar he ever saw.

He said that they, as children, thought it the finest candy they had ever eaten.

The livestock was kept in pens near the house to keep it safe from the wild animals. But even this failed at times. Bears often came at night and took the pigs out of the pens. In those days they did not worry so much about raising enough corn for their stock. They would just turn them out and fatten them on dogwood and birch.

They had regular days for trading, usually near the last of the week. They traded horses, live stock, furs and anything they had for the things they needed.

Sometime between ~~1885~~-89 a coal mine was opened at Briary Knob. The coal was hauled to Laurel Run to fire a locomotive used for a log train by the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company. This locomotive had been hauled in here on wagons a piece at a time and then put together here. The locomotive was called "Pocahontas". There were 45,000,000 ft. of white pine taken out of that one hollow.

From West Virginia Geological Survey - 1929- Pocahontas Co.

In Pocahontas County coals are found in the Pocono and Mauch Chunk Series of the Mississippi and the Kanawha and New River Groups of the Pottsville Series, but it is only in the latter two groups that coals of commercial value and minable thickness are found, the Pocahontas Group and the Pottsville Series that contains the famous Pocahontas coals of southern West Virginia being

entirely absent in this area. The coals of the Kanawha and New River Groups that are present in this county are confined to the western limits of Little Levels, Edray, and Greenbank Districts.

Of the five Pottsville coals which occur in this county there are three which appear to have a definite minable thickness in some localities. The three beds regarded as minable in descending order are the Gilbert, Hughes Ferry, and Sewell coals.

Because of their distance from permanent railroads and coal markets, and their general inaccesibility, their development will undoubtedly be in the somewhat distant future, but should nevertheless be considered as one of the county's valuable potential resources.

There are no commercial mines in Pocahontas County.

In the vicinity of Hillsboro, there are deposits of marble varying in color from red to maroon to a pinkish tinge and from that to various shades of gray. This marble phase varies from 25 to 40 feet in thickness and will produce stone suitable for ornamental purposes. At the time of the building of the new State Capitol, this marble was offered but refused, perhaps on account of its inaccesibility.

June 3, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 5 - Section 1 - C

This is the story of "Lame Paw" the Outlaw, as told by Mr. Andrew Price in the 1926 Blue Book. Five years ago "Lame Paw" stepped into a steel trap and left a toe to show who had been there and the toe was hung up and after that the big track registered the identity of the animal. He had been making his home on Gibson's Knob. This is not the highest peak in these mountains but it is well up in the forty odd hundred feet and in a way it is one or the most spectacular features of the landscape. It has been cleared on the top and forms a long mound covered with blue grass. The mountain is encircled on every side by fine blue grass farms and it is the center of one of the finest grazing countries in West Virginia.

County roads enclose it. Starting at Edray and following the pike to Linwood, and turning there and traversing the road to Clover Creek and thence to Poage's Lane and Warwick and back to Edray you travel a circle of thirty-three miles.

I have tried to get a list of the men who made up the hunt that day after Lame Paw, and I talked to some who were in it, and was told of twelve men and twelve hounds that made up the hunt. In addition to that every man on every side of Gibson's Knob had a bear load in his gun and was ready to fire.

The twelve I listed were: Charles Sheets, James Gibson, Robert Gibson, Willie Gibson, Dallas Tacy, Another Tacy, Doc

Gibson, W. E. Poage, Ross Hamrick, Carl Gibson, French Hoover. Added later: Henry Simmons, Amos Wooddell, Elmer Hannah and Roscoe Bennett, sixteen in all.

Of the twelve hounds, two were heroes,"Roamy", belonging to James Gibson, and "Liner", belonging to Dallas Tacy.

The standers were placed and the hounds taken to the top of Gibson's Knob, and there in the bear wallow was fresh sign of the bear. The hounds were loosed and within a hundred and fifty yards they jumped the big bear and another from their beds in a Wind Shake Fall, near a laurel patch. Lame Paw's companion in crime lit out from there as fast as he could lay foot to the ground and took with him ten hounds and so far as is known is going yet. It was a part of the cunning of the ancient bear, no doubt, to have a young racing bear handy to draw off such dangers as this.

But Roamy and Liner had been conferring over the matter and they knew very well the small bear was not the object of the hunt. If it had not been for these wise dogs, the whole pack would have been drawn away after the subservient bear that Lame Paw kept for the purpose and Lame Paw would have been left with his head on his paws brooding over the endless expanse that surrounded his high lookout.

But Roamy and Liner prodded him out. Lame Paw was too old and fat to enjoy running but he decided that he would have to saddle his finest if he got to Gauley Mountain and away f from the dogs, men and guns.

He could not do anything with the hounds. One good swipe of his paw would crush a hound, but the hounds sidestepped and kept out of the way. They also kept him from fleeing rapidly. One hung on one flank of the big bear and one on the other. Each dog picked the hind leg that he was to chew and paid attention to it. When Roamy bit the leg assigned to him, the bear would stop and cuff him off, and Liner would then fasten on the leg left exposed and the big brute was much harried and distressed.

The hounds in the meantime were giving tongue and letting the hunters know the way the game was taking. The bear circled and ran about two miles until he made his last stand in the rough ground on the south side of Russell Hannah's farm, near the passway towards Slaty Fork.

The chase came near the place where James Gibson and Charles were standing, and the hunters, who were close together, both started to run to the hounds, for they could tell that the hunt had passed them and that the bear was at bay fighting the hounds. The two hunters ran in company a mile or more but there was this difference: James Gibson was sixty-eight years old, and after the first mile found that his age somewhat affected him though still sound in wind and limb. Charles Sheets was in his twenties and did not mind how far he had to run. Seeing Mr. Gibson slow up in the foot race, Mr. Sheets slowed up also and said that he would wait and go on with Mr. Gibson at a slower pace. Mr.

Gibson told him that it was so important to get that bear, for him to go on where the bear was raising the devil with the hounds, and so Mr. Sheets came to the bear.

Lame Paw, twelve inches between the ears, was trying to put his paw on the dog, and when the paw came down the dog was elsewhere. Sheets had the following equipment: A Winchester repeating shot gun, with shell loaded with an ounce ball. It seems that of late years, the man who carries a twelve guage shotgun that uses shells, each containing an ounce of small shot, may buy at the hardware stores shells in which each has an ounce ball and this ball cartridge when shot from such a shotgun has about the same range as the old time mountain rifle, and it is very effective ammunition for deer and bears.

The bear and dogs were fussing around in a grown up backing and Sheets was able to shoot Lame Paw twice before the harrassed bear knew that that his enemy was on him. One of the balls went through the body near the heart and the other entered near the backbone and ranged back to the ham. The bear then went on and the dogs showed their perfect team work, each tugging at a ham and dodging and coming again.

Sheets followed but for a time it was not possible to shoot on account of the presence of the hounds and Sheets, having plenty of speed, ran around the bear and took his position on a rocky place in a cleft in the cliffs where the bear must pass. And out of the brush the big brute pameed

and as it happened, he got rid of the dogs for the time being.

Now a bear being the wisest and most timid of animals where man is concerned, will not come in shouting distance if he can help it, but when cornered or attacked there is no animal as dangerous and as hard to stop with a ball. In this case the bear, desperately wounded but with all his power left, made directly at the hunter as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground, and the hunter refusing to be a consenting party to his own destruction, in the space of a fraction of a second took aim and shot Lame Paw square between the eyes, and the big hunt was over.

On being examined the worn condition of the teeth indicated an old bear. It was as fat as fat could be and the meat was good to those who like bear meat. Owing to the late spring the hide was in perfect condition, the hair being long, thick, black and glossy.

The bear was thought to have weighed about five hundred pounds, and was the second largest bear that hsd been killed on the waters of Elk, and that was saying a good deal for there have been hundreds if not thousands of bears killed in those fine bear grounds.

The largest bear was fourteen inches between the ears, and was the famous Williams River sheep killing bear, killed on Elk in 1910 by Samuel Gibson. He was generally referred to as the "Old Hellion", and he used on Elk River and Williams River for years and actually put some farmers out of the sheep business.

his feet were blistered and very sore for about a week. He said that he had on leather shoes, as tennis shoes were unknown in Pocahontas at that time.

I interviewed Dr. Price on April 26, 1940 for this material, as the account given in the W.Va. Blue Book 1928 was not like I had always heard it. Dr. Norman said his brother Andrew just wrote that for a joke on him.

April 23, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

Pocahontas County

Chapter 4 - Section 3

The Story of Selim, the Algerine.

Mr. Andrew Price, on one of his visits to Highland County visited the home of Col. Lewis McClung on Bull Pasture River. Mr. Price said that he felt some hesitancy in breaking into the group of people seated on the long porch of the beautiful old colonial home. He was received very hospitably and Mr. Price found that he had an inexhaustable fund of historical knowledge. They talked about the fort being established there in 1754 when the frontier of Virginia was being guarded against the French and Indians, from the west. This is Fort George and it is reasonably certain that the old Indian chief who lodged a complaint at the council at Easton, Pennsylvania, that a friendly party of Iriquois had been taken prisoner at Marlinton, referred to this fort. He said that they were taken two days journey to another fort, and that means that it was either Fort Dinwiddie on Jacksons River or this Fort George on the Bull Pasture. The old chief said that was in 1755. General Andrew Lewis was in charge of the garrison at Marlins Bottom that year. Before reaching the fort two days journey away, two of the Indians were killed and one taken prisoner, and the rest escaped to take the bad news home.

Before the visit ended Mr. Price asked Colonel McClung, " I have come a long ways to ask you a question. What about Selim, the Algerian."

"You mean Selim, the Algerine?" -

" Yes, the Algerine."

" Why they found him out in your county."

And this is the story in substance: About the year 1760, a hunter by the name of Givens, a brother to the famous Col. Givens, was hunting in the wilderness on Elk River and at the famous Big Spring, and he came upon a man hid in a tree top. The man was naked, starving, and all but dead, but he was able to restore him and brought him to the settlements on the Cow Pasture River, some sixty odd miles from the place where he was found. There he was taken in by Col. Dickenson. It is said that he was first taken to the home of Andrew Sitlington. This was Mr. Price's step great, great, great grandfather from whom he got his given name, and he lived on the Greenbrier at that time, having lived at Marlins Bottom, Clover Lick, and Dunmore after moving in from the Cow Pasture settlements.

The captive was a dark skinned man of pleasing appearance but no one could understand his language. After a time he was taken to the Old Stone Church settlement near Staunton and the pastor of that church was the Rev. Mr. Craig, who was a French scholar. When he addressed the stranger in that language, it was understood, and they soon had his story. The fact that the stranger understood the French language indicated that he was a an educated, cultivated man. It appeared that he was a native of Algiers, of the Mohamedan religion. His name was Selim, no doubt derived

from Sultans of that name, Algiers being a Turkish posession down to 1830.

The French and Indian wars having broken out Selim came to America as a French soldier and landed at New Orleans and came up that river and during the course of the campaign was taken prisoner by the Indians and brought to some Indian town in the interior. There was no Indian town at that time within the bounds of West Virginia. The Indians of the middle west were all with the French. There was an outlaw band of Indians at that time on the Ohio River known as Mingoes that were independent. Their town is at Mingo Bottom which is a few miles out of Wheeling. Anyway, he was in some Indian town and might well have been with the Mingoes, for when he escaped, he was found within a few miles of Mingo from whence the Mingoes had moved at or about that time, and the trail must have been well marked.

He said that while he had come from the south, that two women prisoners among the Indians had informed him that the nearest white settlements were to the east, and if these women prisoners were French, Ft. Duquesne at Pittsburgh might have been indicated. He escaped and made his way as far as Elk River where he was found by a hunter in a perishing condition.

Under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Craig he accepted the Christian religion and remained in the settlements on the Cow Pasture a considerable time.

After a time he left the settlements on the river and

made his way to Richmond where he was made much of by the people of that city, and a little later he was heard of in Philadelphia, where his picture was painted by some great painter. And then he went back to Algiers.

After being gone some years, he came back to Richmond saying that his father had disowned him and disinherited him because he had renounced the Mohamoden faith. He remained in the vicinity of Richmond the rest of his life and is buried in that city.

From a copy of the Pocahontas Times for Sept. 1923

36245

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

LOCATION

-1-

The grographical position of our county is defined from 37 degrees 40 minutes to 38 degrees 45 minutes north Latitude; from 79 degrees 35 minutes, to 80 degrees 24 minutes West Longitude.

Pocahontas is an eastern border county, Allegheny top being the line between Pocahontas and Virginia. From the venter of West Virginia, Pocahontas County is located to the southeast. Among the distinctive features of the north portion of this county is the fact of its being a part of the high region where nearly every river system of the Virginia's find their head springs; The entire county has a great elevation, some of the highest peaks in the state being within its limits. (From Historical Markers of Pocahontas County - State Library.)

LOCATION

Pocahontas is an eastern border county. Pocahontas County, in the Appalachian Highlands was formed in 1821 from parts of Bath, Pendleton and Randolph Counties. (Virginia) and named for Pocahontas, the Indian princess. Pocahontas County is bordered on the south by Greenbrier County and on the west by Nicholas and Fayette and on the north by Webster County. (Blue Book, 1938)

Check

AREA

The area of Pocahontas County is 942.61 square miles. 942.61 x 640 -- 603,270.4

Pocahontas County is the third largest.

TYPE OF LAND

The County has been called the birthplace of rivers. The source of Cheat River flows from the northern part of Pocahontas County also the same applies to the Elk, except that its source is from the western part of the county. The source of Gauley River is also from the western part. The Greenbrier River's source is from the northern part of Pocahontas County. The source of the Tygart River is from the northern part of Pocahontas County. The Williams, Cranberry and Cherry, the

other mentioned rivers have their rise in this county and all flow to the westward.

East Pocahontas is mountainous and in former years heavily timbered with white pine and much other valuable timber, and abounds in iron ores. Central Pocahontas consists largely of limestone lands.

Throught the county there is such an abundance of purest, freshest waters as baggers all ordinary powers of description. Literally it is a land of springs and mountains, beyond the dreams of poetic diction to portray realistically. Some of the streams gushing from the earth, even in midsummer show undimished volume, and with a temperature but little above that of iced water. The entire county is seemingly underlaid with vast reservoirs, whose dimensions puzzle imangination, for from the level land as well as from the mountain sides pour forth great springs, many of them with volume sufficient to propel water mills. Larger streams thus starting from a hillside sometimes diappear only to appear elsewhere from some unexpected opening in the earth. Of this it is believed that Locust Creek furnishes a notable example in the relation to Hills Creek. (W.Va. Atlas)

SOIL

The soil of Pocahontas County is likewise diversified. In some sections the land is thin and in others rugged; but the greater portion is exceedingly fertile, and there cannot be found in this state, or any other state, a locality better adapted to grazing and farming. (From a Reminiscent History of Northern W. Va.)

TOPOGRAPHY

The county is very mountainous and has a number of mountain peaks reaching 4,500 feet in height, among which may be named Bald Knob, Mace Knob, Gibson Knob, Spruce Knob of Elk, Spruce Knob of Williams River, Barlow Top and Briery Knob. The Droop Mountain Battlefield, in this county, is the site of the most extensive Civil War battle fought in the state, which occurred On ~~Mover~~ NOV. 6, 1863. It was acquired by the State, in 1929, and is now a Battlefield Park. (W.Va. Standard Atlas).

CLIMATE - BLUE BOOK 1938

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE
ANNUAL

STATION	COUNTY	LENGTH OF RECORD (YRS)	TEMPERATURE
Marlinton	Pocahontas	39 years	48.1 deg.

The average Maximum temperature (annual) is 59.5. The average minimum temperature is 36.4.

The average rainfall 47.26 (forty-seven inches and 26 hundredths. The average number of days .01 inch or more - 121. The average annual Snowfall is 31 in. 6/10 tenths.

HISTORIC MARKERS

From the standpoint of climate, Pocahontas is subject to severe winters and ideal summers. The rainfall averages 47 inches.

Magisterial Districts (4) as follows: Edray, Greenbank, Huntersville, Little Levels.

Incorporated Cities, Towns and Villages:

NAME	POPULATION
Cass, W. Va.	708
Durbin, W. Va.	498
Hillsboro, W. Va.	220
Marlinton, W. Va.	1,586

The history of emigration or migration - Historic Markers, State Library.

County Seat - Marlinton, West Virginia.

First established in 1749 and known as Marlin's Bottom until 1887. Incorporated in 1900. Named for Jacob Marlin, one of the first white settlers to spend a winter in Pocahontas County, the other being Stephen Sewell, Edray, West Virginia. Named after a town in ancient Palestine, meaning a place surrounded. Settled prior to Revolutionary War by Thomas Drinnon. Famous camping place of Indians who broke up the Drinnon home, murdered his wife and carried his son away in captivity beyond the Ohio River. A stopping place mentioned by Bishop Francis Asbury in his journey from Maine to Georgia.

AGRICULTURE

A survey of the agricultural statistics of Pocahontas County reveals that in

1930, there were 1,614 people engaged in farming on 1,201 farms. In 1930 there were 250,824 acres of land in farms in Pocahontas County, which produced crops valued at $832,283. The value of dairy products were $44,738, and the value of livestock was estimated at $1,377,497. (The above was taken from Rand McNally World Atlas, 1939).

Killing frosts early and late made the working of land a precarious source of subsistence until a comparatively recent period in the history of our county. As late as 1910, the fact that corn would ripen at Marlin's Bottom enough to be fit for meal was nearly a year's wonder. Gardens for onions, parsnips, cucumbers, pumpkins, and turnips; patches of buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, for many years comprised the most of pioneer farming enterprise in the way of supplementing their supplies of game and fish. The implements used for clearing and cultivating these gardens and tuck patches were of home manufacture, and for the most part rudely constructed.

(The above was taken from The Historical Markers, State Library, State House.)

According to the Blue Book - 1938, the chief products and leading industries of Pocahontas County were as follows: The leading industry of Pocahontas County is lumber, tannery (sole leather). The chief products are: livestock, potatoes, oats, maple sugar, honey, and poultry.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Very much of Pocahontas County was heavily timbered and as the variety and quality was equal to most and surpassed by no other country in the State, before the vast inroads were made on these timber resources in the last fifteen or twenty years.

Still there is an enormous supply yet remaining after all has been done by rafts, and loaded freight cars. For twenty years or more an interesting feature was or were the lumber camps here and there in the woods where hundreds of men were comfortably housed and fed on the fat of the land in various parts of the county, mainly east of the Greenbrier. On the higher elevations west of the Greenbrier and in the western

and northwestern part of the county are vast reaches of black spruce forests, now in such demand for wood pulp of which the paper is made of post cards, books, and newspapers. There remains much oak, cherry, poplar, chestnut and the more common forest trees in marked profusion.

The entire county from end to end east of the Greenbrier abounds in iron ore indications, principally the brown humitite and the reddish possiliferous.

(Above from Historic Markers -

MIGRATION OF PEOPLE

In reference to the ancestry of the people of Pocahontas County, it may be inferred that the citizenship is of a composite character, German, English, Irish, Scotch, and French.

Such names as there, Lightner, Harper, Yeager, Arbogast, Herold, Hatterman, Burr, Riple, Sheets, Casebolt, Shrader, Burner, Sydenstricker, Varner, Hoverhor, Oakley, Gunn, Overholt, indicate German descent, etc.

Indians: There are evidences that the Indians once roamed through the thick forests of what is now our beautiful section of country. Pieces of flint have been found by our citizens which were no doubt used by the Red Race. There was an Indian burial ground on a flat above the road a short distance up the valley from I. B. Moore's dwelling. Indications were to the older people that several Indians had been buried here. It has been said that a few relics were found in later years when some excavations were made.

CRANBERRY GLADES

An intriguing bit of back Country in the Old Mountains of West Virginia which recently has been included in the Monongahela National Forest:

"Here is the botanist's paradise. Here among these mountains are found the "Cranberry Glades," a strangely misplaced tract of artic tundra in the southern mountains. Here you will find a bewildering array of alders, shrubs, grasses and vines, a never-ending source of delight are the two thousand varieties of orchids, which bloom in a colorful ~~contrast~~ contrast upon the metallic sheen of the

moss carpet covering the Glades,. West Virginia is the native home of more than sixteen hundred flowering plants.

(Above from Historic Markers - State Library.)

RELIGION

The first Prebyterian Church ever organized within the county was known as the Oak Grove Church in this district in 1793. For thirty-seven years it did not have a pastor, the only preaching being done by ministers who occasionally visited this section. It is believed that the first minister to be located here was Rev. John McCue.

In 1830 this church was organized by Rev. S. L. Graham, and at the time had but nine members, including for deacons, who were Josiah Beard, George Pogge, John Jordan, and S. D. Poage. Rev. Graham continued to be the pastor for 39 years, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. S. Blaine.

In 1833 Mt. Zion Church in "The Hells" was built. It is a log structure, but has been materially repaired and is still used for a house of worship. Previous to the erection of Mt. Vernon Church the people of Upper Knapps Creek attended services at Mt. Zion. Many of them went on horse back across the country by way of the Mill Run at I. B. Moore's.

Mt. Vernon Church was erected in 1856. A noticeable feature of this building is the good quality of the lumber used. Scarcely a defectivexxx spot can be seen in the ceiling. John McElwee and son did the carpenter work. All the lumber was planed by hand at the shop on the land owned by Moses Moore who was a noted Christian character.

Trinity M. E. Church at Frost was dedicated in 1888. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. T. Price of Marlinton. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Seitz, of Monroe County. His text was taken from Galations the sixth chapter and second verse: "Bear ye one another burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Rev. George Spencer was the pastor in charge of the circuit. Other ministers present were Wm. and B. B. Sharp, both of Frost.

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New Hope Lutheran Church at Minnehaha was built in 1893 through the efforts of Henry White, Sr., and his family who came to Douthard's Creek in 1876. Before building the church they had occasional services by Lutheran pastors in their homes, in nearby churches, and in school houses.

The Westminister Prebyterian Church was building in 1903 and Rev. G. W. Nickell was pastor. In 1923 the first county convention to be held in Huntersville convened here

Mr. Carmel M. E. Church, South, was dedicated October 1, 1905.

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church was organized in the year 1793. The early records of the church were lost and no one remembers when it was built. A substantial brick structure in this sect worshipped for many years was later built southeast of Hillsboro, where the cemetery is still kept up. In 1830 the Church was reorganized.

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Pocahontas -15-

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

Fear
370#

One day last week the Shaws, Vat defenders, Wares and others killed the big sheep eating bear, which has been coming off of Shavers Cheat and killing sheep on Elk. They got him on Mill Run of Slaty Fork mountain. His weight was 370 pounds, and fat as a fool; the fat on his rump cut full four inches. This was a big footed bear; the measurments of his paw thirteen inches long by eight broad. It was seen where this bear had killed and dragged three or four head of Norman Shaw's sheep into the woods. Following up, wonder of wonders, a hunter came upon the bear at his feast. The bear raised to his hind legs and the man took a shot with a small bore rifle. Later it was ascertained the bullet plumbed the brisket. It apparently did little damage for the bear made off. The dogs then were put after him, but he paid the dogs little mind other than to run. He went by a stander who put him down and out with a bullet from a high power rifle.

—

This was a bear in his prime. He has been a persisent sheep killer for several years. He made his home in Shavers Cheat, and would come down to Tygarts Valley and the Elk regularly for his mutton. He was known by the unusual size of his track. Ever since this bear came out of his winter's sleep a month ago he has been killing sheep. There is at least one more sheep stealing bear on Elk. This one comes out of Gauley, leaves smaller tracks, and has been killing this spring, mostly on Crooked and Old Field Fork of Elk.

—

Don't be fooled by the fancy put down by popular writers that bears come out lean and poor from their long winter's sleep and fast. That bear killed on Elk last week cut two inches of fat on his ribs. Even though he never went hungry from eating sheep, this is a poor time of year to fatten a beast, and a month is a short time to do it in. That bear went to hole fat December 21 and he came out fat on March 22.

—

Word comes that the tracks of the old she wolf were seen in the snow last week in the pine patch on Middle Mountain of Elk. The snow was off the hillside and she could not be tracked. They are now guessing she has a den somewhere with pups in it.

—

The other Sunday night Mrs Green and children of Woodrow, were followed home by a panther. They thought they heard something following them but supposed it was a neighbor's dog, and they paid no mind. Just as they were going into their house, William VanBeeman drove by in his automobile, and the lights of his car plainly showed the great cat crouched by the roadside. The varmint gave a great leap as it made off toward the forest, and it was plainly seen as it crossed the road in the light by Mr Green, who was on the porch.

The next day Fred Galford brought his bear dogs to put on the tracks. However, they do say those bear fighting dogs evidenced but little interest. Mr Galford followed on but the snow had melted too fast.

—

A distinguished friend writes in from the city to say that my load had gotten too great to bear in my unequal contest with this wolf and panther business and that he was liable to have a friend of his send me a wolf dog. I can only reply that truth is still mighty and will eventually prevail. Also that I place a wolf dog along side of a stable horse and sawmill as a thing undesirable, but for the good of and protection of the country as a whole I would be much obliged for a wolf dog.

—

Lanty Sharp came off Jericho Road the other day with a tale about a big brown heron like bird with a wide stretch of wing and a voice like the croak of a raven. He said it was working strong on the little piping frogs in the Glade. I knew right off he was talking about a bittern, or brown heron.

—

Last Wednesday morning if you had happened to look close at the river there was a big flock of wild ducks making their living between the bridge and the mouth of Price Run. There were fifty or more of the little dickens, and they appeared to be having the best time. I presume they were feeding on the superabundance of perrywinkles or fresh water snail which now cover the rocks in this part of Greenbrier River. This black and white (males) wild duck has the local name of butter duck. The books list it as buffle head.

—

Along about dark and after if you will listen along these low grounds of Knapps Creek and Greenbrier River, you will hear an unseen bird say scape as it flies over. It is a wood cock talking to you. The other evening I was lucky and saw a full dozen against the sky as they flew over me. I heard others which I could not see.

—

Wm. Crigger was in town from the Beaver Lick fire tower when it rained last Thursday morning, and told a satisfying experience he had enjoyed in his look out the other morning. As he walked up the trail from home he noticed a lot of fresh deer sign, but saw nothing. After he had gotten settled in the tower and all was quiet, an old cock grouse burst out a drumming right below him; just over the ridge in a drain an old wild turkey had to answer with low gobbling. This was the sign for two deer which had hidden when the man approached that they could safely move out, and one made off in one direction and the other went another. All of which goes to prove that a body does not see everything to be seen when he walks through the woods.

Dec 21 — Month 22
slept
"went to hole" fat
pups

—

J. O. Kellison was up from Jacox last Thursday. His catch of foxes this year was 23; thirteen reds and ten grays. He got one wild cat, but this was a big one—57 inches from to tip. The book gives the average at thirtysix inches.

—

Uncle Bob Gibson was over from Elkon Saturday. He is an humble working churchman, who finds joy in religion and he works at it. He says it is no harm, but rather a good deed, to kill a bear on Sunday, and I hold with him. One reason is a bear kills sheep on Sunday as well as any other day.

—

Uncle Bob tells me the ramps are just a little the best flavored this season he has ever tasted. One reason, he says, is that the growth is thrifty on account of so much rain and that the lack of sun to tan them has made the bulbs so tender, sweet and mild.

—

Uncle Bob was counting up the sheep killed in about two weeks by the old Shavers Cheat Mountain big foot bear the other day that they know about, three for him, five for L. D. Sharp and five for Norman Shaw, and one for a widow lady. This bear had killed and piled up five sheep and was eating on them when found. This piling up of sheep is the sign of an old bear.

—

Uncle Bob said the only thing wrong about killing an old sheep stealing bear on Sunday or any other day is that immediately two other bears sprang spontaneously up to take his place. The reason for this is that when the boss of the range falls, other bears move in where the old big one had heretofore kept them out. The late Henry Gilmer used to tell the tale of killing the same old buck on a given ridge seven years in succession. The explanation was easy—when the monarch of the survey was gone, the good feeding ground was taken by the next buck in line, to hold until he was killed or an abler buck grew up.

—

The Belled Buzzard

For several years past large numbers of buzzards have assembled each spring in March at the Roost on Jerico Flats, but have been notable by their absence so far this year, except one immense specimen was observed on March 15th. This leader wore a bell which could be heard faintly but distinctly. The bird was not seen again, or any other in the neighborhood, until the 6th of April, when a pair were seen gliding on moveless wings over the mountain.

It is thought possible that the failure of the buzzard to show here in numbers so late in the season is due to the unseasonable cold, or possibly the migrants not having gone far enough south last fall perished of cold and hunger in the unprecedented freezes of the winter, this variety of the vulture family not adapted to extreme cold.

Although of a sluggish nature, unlike the nobler birds of prey, and subsisting on carrion, the buzzard scrupulously exercises its flight power morning and evening in prolonged circling, ipstinctively knowing that if it lost the ability to fly it species would soon perish.

It is said that the Wright Brothers and other inventors of gliding air machines, studied attentively the flight of the buzzard, which is said not to be excelled by any other bird of land or sea.

— Pocahontas Times
4/25/40

Pocahontas-15-

14

THE FAIR - AUG 19 TO 24

WHAT IS THE POCAHONTAS COUNTY FAIR?

The Fair is a graphic method of portraying what has been accomplished by the various agencies operating in Pocahontas County. It is a moving picture of the routine activities of our citizens and is made to show something of our industries, our occupations, and our social organizations—a representation of Pocahontas County people at work and play.

The Fair aims at the improvement of the County. Exhibitors and visitors from a distance bring advanced ideas and methods; our own citizens, by associating with each other and comparing exhibits are enabled to choose the best and to formulate plans for the improvement of the community, the farm, the home, the church and the school.

The Fair seeks to advertise Pocahontas County, not by overdrawing, but by giving strangers an opportunity to become acquainted with the county and its people.

The Fair registers changes. Instead of the great areas of worthless cutover lands which occupied so much of the county a few years ago, we have extensive parks at Seneca, Watoga and Droop Mountain. There is the National Forestry Service with a camp at Thornwood. The State Fish Hatchery on Stony Creek, three miles from the Fairgrounds, furnishes a supply of trout for the streams. The parks and National Forests are game refuges, insuring an abundant stock of wild game for our woods. These State and Federal agencies so recently come to Pocahontas, have entered wholeheartedly into the plans for the improvement of the county and are actively represented at the Fair.

Farm improvement in Pocahontas has been phenomenal. Those who saw the exhibits of livestock and farm crops at our early Fairs will note this improvement when they examine the exhibits this year. The Fair is one of the agencies responsible for these marked gains in potato development, methods of marketing and in quality of livestock and farm crops.

Public education is deemed an essential element of progress hence the schools have always held a place in the Pocahontas County Fair. The public school building, erected by the schools of the county, houses an educational exhibit that is unique in its quality and completeness. That education has been long nurtured by this mountain people is evidenced by the fact that among the first pioneers to die at the hands of Redmen in what is now Pocahontas County was a school teacher, slain on the river's bank, just above the cattle barn, and but a few rods outside the Fairgrounds.

The Fair is the Home Coming Season for Pocahontas. It is a time when we welcome back our friends and relatives. The automobile and our modern system of highways have aided in making Home Coming one of the most enjoyable features of our Fair.

And talking about pictures! No picture is complete without its frame. The setting of the Pocahontas County Fair is in keeping with its high aims. The site is that of old Fort Drinnen where the advancing pioneers from east of the mountains met with the Shawnees and Iroquois. Its beautiful meadow lands lie by the historic Greenbrier; it is rimmed around by by the forest clad hills and overlooked by the towering ranges of the western Alleghanies.

L. S. Geiger of Stony Bottom, brings in a bunch of potato seed pods. These potato berries are the first Mr Geiger ever saw; they are no new things to me, though we do not see them now as often as we used to years ago. There are quite a number of plants in Mr Geiger's patch of an acre and a quarter producing seed this year. The patch was planted in Irish cobblers, certified seed, and carefully sprayed. It is Mr Geiger's intention to cultivate some of the seed in the potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potatoes from the little seeds—mostly something no account. You plant the seeds in a pot in the fall and grow the plants in the house during the winter. The plants have each a tuber about the size of a pea, of most any shape and skin color. Pick out the small pototoes you think give promise of amounting to something and plant them out in the ground next spring. The scientific plant breeders at experimental stations are continually trying out potato seed. They do not go it blind, for the know what is needed in the way of strains of high quality potatoes of heavy yield with resistance to diseases. Their aim is to coutinue in one the good points of several varieties. They begin at the beginning by crossing two tried and true varieties by hand pollinization. Thousands of the resulting plants are relected right off, and many more fall by the wayside in the rigid trying out process through the years of trial.

Speaking about potatoes, some weeks ago there was a note in this paper about potatoes persisting in a field many years between cutivations. Now, Warwick Ratliff comes forward with the news that he has potato plants persisting in a field for eighteen seasons. This year he is again cultivating the ground, and he has marked and fertilized the volunteers. He will report later as to yield.

—Pocahontas Times
7/25/40

Pocahontas - 14

GRAIN AND POTATO SHOW

The 1940 Grain and Potato Show for Pocahontas County held at Marlinton last Saturday was one of the largest and best in a long series. This annual event is sponsored by the Bank of Marlinton and the First National Bank, with J. A. Sydenstricker and A. H. McFerrin actively in charge as the committee of the Banker Farmer Association.

While there may been more entries in the potato classes, the entries were never before quite so good. This was also true of the small grain classes. The corn entries were numerous and the quality was excellent, though this rainy season has not been considered the best of corn years.

The farmers who have taken interest in this annual exhibit through the years have not only brought up the quality and increased the yield of their crops through better farm practice, but they have perfected themselves in the art of preparing exhibits to show in the various classes.

There was a largely attended farmer's institute in connection with the Grain and Potato Show. The subject was sheep, and what could be done to bring back and excel the grade of lambs produced twenty years ago. In other lines of husbandry our farmers have gone up and onward; the quality of lambs produced has steadily gone down and backward. Among the speakers were Dr. C. W. Wilson, of the University, Milton Dolley, of Pendleton county, and Moffett Williams, of Marlinton.

These expert, successful sheep men agreed on the four cardinal points of breed, feed, shelter and parasites; these four and the greatest of these is food.

Now the fact was evident that those progressive farmers who were in attendance at the institute Saturday are producers of good quality lambs, and know from experience much what the experts were telling us. The value lies in the fact that they will be encouraged by the meeting to be disciples to influence short sighted neighbors from breeding from cull ewe lambs; from attempting to economize by short rations, and exposure to weather and parasites.

The big money crop of this Pocahontas County is sheep, and while years ago our lambs were tops and in demand, the quality has been allowed to go down grade so much the packers are complaining bitterly. They complain about lambs which are so big as to pass the bloom stage before marketing, and lambs so puny and small they never reach the bloom stage for best marketing and eating.

Anyway the Banker Farmer Association, under the direction of John Sydenstricker and Hanley McFerrin, have set out to do for our main industry, sheep raising, what has been accomplished by the annual exhibit for grain, grass and potatoes, and this editor is volunteering to help all he can. Go and do thou likewise.

— Pocahontas Times
11/14/40

Pocahontas -11

Pubishes Book Of Verse

"The Versatile Mind" will be the title of the new volume of poetry to be published by the New York Publishing Service for Mrs Charlotte Mason Dickson of Second Creek. The contract for the publication was signed Tuesday. Mrs Dickson has written poetry for various papers and magazines, such as the West Virginia Review. She is the wife of Edgar F. Dickson. --Monroe Watchman.

— Pocahontas Times

10/10/40

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor [illegible] passing back. He

Up in Pennsylvania this week the[illegible] are killing deer by the tens of thou[illegible] with branch[illegible]

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY JANUARY 30, 1941

1941 JANUARY 1941						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Every once in a while a letter comes, asking me to to write what I know about the origin of local names in these mountains. If copy is scarce, I have no more sense than to attempt it.

Away up beyond the head of the Greenbrier River, is Gandy Creek, flowing to the north. This is a family name, from Uriah Gandy. Some time in the 1790's there was a court order by the then new county of Randolph directing Uriah Gandy to cut out the road toward Seneca

Well, Seneca is Indian and I have been told it means the people who live in the shadow of the rock. I have also been told the word means dark or black. I know no better than to accept both interpretations, being as shadow and dark can have some what similar meaning. They also tell me there are a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and that all of them are right. Finally, my brethren seem to have taken the Greek way of spelling the word, and that is all right by me.

We have the Seneca Trail, known of old as the War Road or War Path, stretching from Seneca Lakes in New York to North Georgia. Federal Road Route 219 follows this ancient Skale north and south highway; proof of the Indian's knowledge of the lay of the land as well as the modern engineers.

The Senecas were the standing army of the Five Civilized Nations; later to be added to the Confederacy to make the Six Nations. They were the keepers of the great back door; I have heard it called the great black door. Anyway, this back door country was largely West Virginia. The Senecas held it against the Shawnees of the west and the Cherokees of the south.

Speaking about names, when a young brave of the Five Nations wished to prove his prowess at arms he joined the Senecas—took the War path. I Fenimore Cooper is the thing to read; his Leather Stocking Tales tell me about the Senecas and the rest is most interesting writing.

Seneca Creek, in the adjoining county of Pendleton, joins the North Fork of the South Branch in the shadow of the great stone of West Virginia, the Seneca Rocks. It is not a sparkling proposition to put forward the surmise that the Seneca tribe of Indians eventually evolved from the little local tribe which maintained its small communal village at the forks or the waters in the shadow of the great Seneca Rocks, for no one can prove it wrong.

We are in the Appalachian Mountains, and they tell me this too is Indian, meaning Endless Mountains. I always think of our mountains being endless east and west from the Ohio to Piedmont, Virginia, but I expect our Indian predecessors were talking about north and south from the Mississippi and Labrador.

Over on the Tygrats Valley there is Laurel Mountain between Elkins and Bellington. A scholar wise in Ipdian lore once told me the orignal name for this mountain was not Laurel at all, but an Indian word meaning middle, possibly spelled something like laura. The application to the mountain is that this height of land has the greatest elevation of any ridge between the near Alleghanies on the east and the far away Ozarks in the west.

And now, of course, the Alleghany word must be considered. They say it is Indian and means the big sign or big track or big mountain. I have heard that Alleghany is a good Scandinavian word. Somewhere I think I saw the statement that Alleghanian, or something like that is the name of a leading paper over in Sweden. If this be so, maybe it is just another storm to bolster the contention that the Scandinavian settlers of America a thousand years ago were absorbed by and left imprint upon the northern Indians.

Tygarts Valley was named from David Tygart, who came to the valley in the 1750's; left when the Files and other familes were massacred

Mingo is the name of the Indian village "at the head of the Ohio." The Mingoes were here at the time of Braddock's defeat in 1755. The Six Nations were allies of the British the Mingoes were blamed with siding with the French. In 1766, they had been moved from Mingo Flats to Mingo Bottoms, near Wheeling. About 1800 they were moved to the Muskingum River in Ohio. In 1838, the Mingoes traded their Ohio lands to the government for lands in Kansas. Later they moved to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. In 1766 there was about fifty families of the Mingoes; the the last I heard, some years alone, there were over sixty families.

About the time the Mingoes moved from near Wheeling to the head of the Muskingum, there appeared all of a sudden one day in the Greenbank community several hundred Indians, men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back from a season of hunting in the ancestral hunting grounds.

Along about 1838, when the Mingoes sold out their Ohio lands, the local tradition is that the Williams River country filled up one day with hundreds of Indians—men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back for a farewell bear hunt in their ancestral hunting grounds.

Shavers Mountain and Shavers Fork of Cheat River and Shavers Run are all named for Peter Shaver, a soldier of the American Revolution, who was killed by Indians at his home on Tygarts Valley, River along about the year 1781.

Cheat River is any body's guess how come its name. There is false wheat, cheat, still to be found along its course. On Shavers Mountain, the moss covered stock rock still fool you by letting you suddenly down into pits covered by moss. It is still a surprise to the traveler to climb a couple thousand feet up from Greenbrier River to find another on the top of the mountain, flowing in the opposite direction. Some where I saw the name Cheatnah. This the name of a mountain down Alabama way in the original Cherokee country. I have often wondered about these somewhat similar names so many hundred miles apart, but I never took the steps to check up on the matter through the experts in the Bureau of Ethnology down in Washington.

The Greenbrier was first named Ronceverte by the French explorers. It appears that ronce is brier and verte is green. The greenbriers still persists in thickets the length of this stream. I have always had an interest to know the names the French gave to the mountains and streams of this region which they claimed as a part of their New France. The ford in the Greenbrier near the present city of Ronceverte was called St Lawrence. An order entered by the County Court of Greenbrier in the 1780's deals with a road from Town to the St Lawrence Ford

Speaking about French names naturally brings to mind Gauley River and Gauley Mountain. What would be more natural for French explorers to call this beautiful stream Gaule after the ancient name of France. Of course I have heard about the Scotch Irish pioneer hunter coming out on the rocky bluff above mouth of Meadow River and in his surprise at seeing a stream of such size, exclaiming, "Golly, what a river!" You know that sounds so much like so many of my own explanations of things I have no knowledge of, that I never put any faith in the tale.

Pocahontas

-3-

THE
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin-

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands.

...is certainly Indian; from ...That name is preserved up ...w York State.

...atoga is Cherokee. They say it ...means Starry waters—the reflection ...the stars in a limpid stream.

Cherry River is from the abundance of wild cherry trees on it, particularly at Cherry Tree Bottom, the present site of the city of Richwood.

Cranberry River is named from the abundance of wild cranberries growing in the bogs on the Glades on South Fork.

Charles mountain probably named after Charles Kennison, early settler, soldier of the Revolution and Indian fighter.

Days Run and Days Mountain from Charles Day, early settler and Indian fighter. One of the names for the fort at Millpoint was Days Fort.

As for Williams River, there is tradition that it was named after William Ewing, soldier of the Revolution; known as Swago Bill. He lived on lands now embraced in the Mc Clintic farms. He owned land on Williams River; the Nelson Moore lands. I think when he moved to Ohio in 1810, he sold his Williams River holdings for a rifle gun and a certain amount in "cut money." It appears that in the early days if change was needed to divide a half dollar and there were no quarters convenient, why the ever efficient settlers took the ever ready axe and and cut the half dollar in two.

Knapps Creek was first Ewing Creek. John Ewing owned lands below Frost which he sold to Moses Moore. When the Marlins Bottom survey was made for the Greenbrier Company of Colonel Lewis in 1751, the calls of the line from the low place on the mountain, near what is now Stillwell, to a corner near the present Mt View Cemetery, passed over the Ewing house. Later the stream was called Naps Creek, after Napthalem Gregory, who was murdered in his hunting camp somewhere around the present site of Westmoreland church.

Thomas Mountain and Peters Mountain, I have no record of how they were named. I do know that Michael Mountain bears the name of Michael Daugherty. He was a gentleman from Ireland, who left his home with his lady love, rather than continue his studies for the priesthood. He was a sportsman who walked in to kill his bears with a hunting knife while his dogs were attracting the attention of the game. One sad day on Michaels Mountain poor Michael walked in on too big a bear. As the hunter struck his knife home the big brute struck back with a mighty paw. There was then a dead man as well as a dead bear. It has been Michaels Mountain ever since.

Mad Tom on the Alleghany is a ridge on which a poor slave boy got lost and went crazy.

The Mad Sheep on the Alleghany was called for sheep which were afflicted with rabies one season long ago.

Stephen Hole Run is called for Stephen Sewell, whom Colonel Andrew Lewis found at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in 1751, with Jacob Marlin. Sewell spent a winter soon after in the small cave at the head of the run. He was killed by Indians some years later on Big Sewell Mountain, farther down the Greenbrier. I do not remember ever being told where Sewell was killed.

I have never been in Stephens Hole. It is of such small bore I fit into it most too snugly for comfort. The story is the paymaster of a certain Ohio regiment stole the payroll when here for the Battle of Droop Mountain, and hid the money in Stephens Hole. I had heard the tale and paid little attention to it. Some years ago I read Claude Bowers' book, The Tragic Era. In writing up the carpetbag governor of a certain southern state, the writer says the said governor had been accused of absconding with the payroll of a certain Ohio regiment.

Elk River, Elk Mountain, Deer Creek, Panther Run, Bear Run, Wild Cat Hollow, are self explanatory names; the same as Spruce Knob, Sugar (Tree) Creek, Span Oak, White Oak, Laurel Creek, Laurel Run, Poplar Flats, Red Oak Flat, Spruce Flat, Brush Run, Pine Grove, etc.

The water of Tea Creek is the color of weak tea. The idea for years was this color was from leaves and roots of the trees—particularly spruce and hemlock. The geologists now tell us the sulphur in the coal deposits is chemical which gives color to the water. Red Creek and the several Red Runs have their sources up in the coal measures.

Back in the Gauley wilderness, you find names like John Fox writes about down in the Cumberlands. Big Blizzard, Little Blizzard, Big Rough, Little Rough, Fox Tree, Barren She, Tear Coat, Hateful, Hellward, Hell for Sartin, Skin Shin, Turkey Track, Camp Rock, Little Elbow, Middle Fork, Three Forks, Skinned Poplar, Horse Path, Bug Run are some that I recall off hand. We got these honest and natural by reason of the Hammons family moving into the big wilderness almost a century ago and staying there.

Delighted I am over world recogni
publications of the

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1940

Last week was the big week of the year in Pocahontas County. The visitors came here by the thousands for the deer hunting. On an average, I would say, about one in twenty got a buck

Practically every one of the visitors knew where they were going. They or their friends have been coming here for years, and they had camps or farm houses or hotels already picked to stay in; friends to go into the woods with, and familiar ground to hunt in.

I count that twenty dollars is about as little as one man can expect to get by with in the way of expense on a three day hunt away from home. This means the circulating of really a large sum of new money in this county—say thirty to forty thousand dollars. Whatever it is, the hundred or so deer the visiting hunters carried away sold for big money. This money was divided by farmers, hotel keepers, stores, gas stations, and what not.

A friend of mine from the lower waters of the Greenbrier has been coming here for the past five years. Every season he has seen deer but no bucks. This year the big deer of the mountains come by him, with antlers like a rocking chair. Hope long deferred made him nervous or something. The shot drew blood, but the deer went away from that place It is just another case of hoping him better luck next time.

It was the last drive of the second day Some standers had bunched around a fire, for the wind was raw There was too much talk and too little attention to the business in hand. A man from the city looked around and hollered "Great day, look ther !" This was all the signal the big buck needed to high tail the jack away from that place Of course a dozen bullets cut through the brush where the deer had been, but every one of these too late lead messengers were ineffective.

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket. The stranger was no hand at tracking, so Attorney J. E Buckley was called in on the case He followed the sign as fast as he could walk by an occasional blood smear on the brush. After a while the deer broke out again, but the cover was too thick to see for a shot Following on a ways, Mr Buckley knew the proper thing to do was to look up the exact place the deer had broken out the last time. If it was merely a superficial wound the deer would have been standing, and there would be little use to trail farther. If he had been severely hit, he would have lain down and that would be encouragement to keep on hunting. Getting near the place, Mr Buckley saw the deer behind some brush, looking out at him. It had circled and come back. Every hair was turned the wrong way and the animal was the very picture of rage and fury. He would have fought before he ran this time. One well placed shot put the deer down and out. He carried a magnificent head.

Adam Pennell, of Marlinton, is a lone wolf when it comes to hunting. He ranges the Buckley Mountain. On Tuesday, he got as far as the Messer place, to look up a big deer he knew had been keeping there all summer. Over on the Cummings Creek side he put up his deer. I noted three big holes in that deer's hide from well placed punkin balls out of a shot gun It was quite a chore for one man to bring this 175 pound buck the five miles into home. The antlers, while not overly large, were symetrical and uniform, carrying four points to the beam.

Miss Genevieve Yeager was the lady to get her deer in Pocahontas County this year. It was an eight pointer, four snags to the beam. She hunted with the Ruckmans on Alleghany Mountain.

No accidents from fire arms are reported in Pocahontas County this year This is a blessing for which we all are deeply grateful One hunter, Gordon Sanford, of Bainelle, was struck by a train near Cloverlick, and died some hours later from the injuries.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands. Does and bucks with branched antlers are legal game this season. Spike bucks and fawns are on the protected list. Up there the deer are eating themselves out of house and home: the range is no longer sufficient to keep the stock of deer. At the rate deer are now increasing in West Virginia, the time will come when the range will not support the deer. This is a good many years ahead on account of the present number of our deer and the richness of our range When that time does come, the Conservation people have considered the means to meet the situation. The season will be opened on does, and the season will be earlier and longer. Just now, they hold us to a late season to allow time for mating before butchering the bucks

A tale comes out of the deer woods of a party of hunters having considerable of a scramble in a laurel patch. They went to look and came on a big wild cat with a four snag, eight point buck deer down and biting on his neck. They shot the lynx and another bullett put the deer out of his misery.

I hear tell of a hunter killing a muley or dehorned buck. For ant antlers, there were nubs, an inch or so long. He brought his venison in for checking and it made trouble. The law has specifications calling for branched antlers. Naturally, the question arises in my suspicious mind how come the hunter to know he was shooting at a buck in the first place

Down on Pyles Mountain a hunter on the first day crossed no less than a dozen big buck tracks, all heading toward the game sanctuary, which is the Watoga State Park.

The big deer of the State fell to the gun of H J., Widney, of Frank. He killed it on Shavers Cheat, near Wildell. The weight was three hundred and fifty pounds, hog dressed. The antlers were a wonderful rack. Nine points on one beam and ten on the other.

Most anything can come out of these woods. Witness, the nineteen point antlers which are the trophy of young Mr. Widney, of Frank. Along about fifty years ago the late Brown Gaiford, of Back Alleghany shot a deer at the Deadwater of Williams River, which also carried a head of twenty points, not counting the little nubs usually found at the base of the beams.

The kill of bucks in Seneca Forest was considerably off from former season. Eighteen was the number; less than half of last year. The number of hunters checked in was over 600 for the first day; over 500 for the second day and over 300 for the third —about 1500 in all. This compares with over 900 for the first day last year. I say there is safety for the deer in numbers. I am always wanting to strike an average. This is about one deer to every one hundred hunters. On the outside of the Seneca State Forest the average was as usual one deer to about forty hunters.

It sounds like a lie to me, but the the tale comes out of the woods, that a visitor came on to a native standing at a likely crossing plaee for deer. The usual inquiry was made about seeing deer. The stander had a fancy, exciting tale about a powerful big buck coming through, at easy range; he took a couple of shots and never cut a hair. While the narrator was in the midst of his eloquent recounting of his bad luck, the drivers came up. They took the man's word for it and proceeded to cut off his shirt tail. Then they looked for sign There had not been a big deer through that crossing in a week

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varment which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal. with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stopher Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L. D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

100 #

40 yrs. ago

200 sheep

— Pocahontas

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

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– Pocahontas Times
2/15/40

BOTANY

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Pocahontas
Chapter 3

WOLVES IN WEST VIRGINIA?

More credence would be placed in those tall stories of ferocious stock killing animals which are alleged to frequent mountain recesses of West Virginia, if they were seen and not heard about.

Periodically come stories of a panther or pack of them of them molesting stock in some remote part of the State. The only evidence that such a creature still roams our wilds is a track resembling the pad of a panther. Pretty flimsy identification, but the evidence becomes conclusive after the imagination works on it for a few days.

The most recent yarn of this sort comes form Pocahontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo Knob slaughtering sheep and deer.

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War. In the first place there never were many of them this far south and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State far in the last century, or moved north where they belonged.

—

It is great Mumba Tumba Malcolm Brice who thus in his Wheeling Register speaks words of doubt to lull apprehension of lowlanders that their brethren of the scattered hill tribes of the upper reaches of the Monongahela, Greenbrier, Elk James, Potomac and Gauley are once again exposed to ravages of wild and ferocious beasts of prey. As chief head hunter of the unwashed tribes of the northern panhandle he sits in his attic among the naked hills beside the now turgid flow of the once beautiful Ohio, the very air poisoned by the acrid fumes of factory smoke, he would dismiss with a rattle of his typewriter the possibility of such varmints as wolves and panthers again infesting the secluded environs of the more favored portions of this fair State of West Virginia. Would that he were a good fairy to wave a wand to rid these woods of the fierce predators which are devastating farm flocks and depleting the wild deer herds; or a saint like unto the good Patrick when he banished forever frogs and snakes from the old sod which is Ireland. Woe are we that the thinking of the great Mumba Tumba is no more lucid than the now muddy flow of the once beautiful river, as acrid as the now polluted water, and as hazy as the smoky atmosphere of his over populated area. In the face of all the evidence I have been able to produce, short of the actual hide and scalp, of the presence in these mountains of the prowling panthers and of the roaming wolves, is he not like unto the owl of Minerva, flying abroad in the full glory of the noon day sun, and crying what is it?

Is M T denying the scripture saying that out of the mouths of two is truth established? For I can give off hand the names of a score of good men and true who have seen in recent years with their own eyes panthers in these endless mountains, by themselves and with others. Can not his smoke tanned senses not give consideration to the testimony of the five members of the official board of the Pocahontas County Farm Loan Association, as they, in the presence of each other, saw a great tawney, two hundred pound mountain lion break from cover as the official board, in their official duty of making appraisment upon a grazing farm in the pleasant vale of the Little Laurel of Williams River, came upon the varment unawares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animal life of the Monongahela National Forest? They came upon the pugs of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Greenbrier. Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks. The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter. These in their wisdom and experience pronounced the casts to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves they again present a source of trouble to our people, regardless of doubt expressed by bumptious agnostics. Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghanies in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf. Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr A. M. Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university. On Red Creek, in Tucker county, there is a whole pack. On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is another pack of wolves. Their inroads on the deer herdes are so heavy, the tracks of small deer are seldom seen in the Great Wilderness country.

Over on the Middle Mountain of Elk and the Mingo Knob there are three wolves. The big one, an old she, has been seen by a half dozen good men, she has been shot at on two separate occasions and her kill of sheep has averaged five a week for a year. Once she attacked a two year old heifer and bit her neck badly before being run off by the big cattle.

Belittling our traditions of the wolf packs of these mountains makes me peevish. Our unwritten literature dealt much with the number and fierceness of wolves. Men yet in the prime of life remember as children the necessity of penning the sheep near the house each night. The man Stopher Hamrick, who shot the last wolf here forty years ago, is still with us. A prominent citizen well remembers the fuss made over him by the family when his father shot at a wolf as it looked over a log at the boy asleep on a pile of leaves. The father is still with us and able to hunt.

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude. Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnished plenty for them to grow big on.

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh. Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighborly art of bushwhacking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys attacked by wolves along in the 1880's, and others who got up trees in time.

For the information of the lowlander I will say that strychnine broke the rule of the wolves in these mountains along in the 1870's. There was a remnant, educated against poison and snare. When deer became scarce the wolves disappeared. They may have moved north where they belong.

Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned. Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of of 1938. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

Pocahontas
Times
4/4/40

Down on the Greenbrier in Green-brier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about ...

... herbarium while you were up here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't come here I thought you'd like to ...

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded ... machado ...

Pocahontas — Chapter 3

Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times

A gray timber wolf which has been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, . Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrap shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up on one of the stationed men, C. C. Hodges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulders.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed. It even got so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a $25 bounty was placed on the killer

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in fron of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the $25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog killls it eats the meat back of the shoulders.

— Marlinton Journal

2/22/40

Feb. 40

BOTANY

Down on the Greenbrier in Greenbrier County last fall, Harper M. Smith came across some bushes full of soft shell nuts about the size of filberts. New to him, we sent specimens over to Dr. Earle L. Core, of the Department and Zoology, at the University. He writes back they are buffalo nuts, Pyrularia pubera. I will write a paragraph on this buffalo nut, or elk nut, or oil nut, or rabbit wood soon, unless Dr. Core will consent to do it.

—

Over at Anthonys Creek some seasons ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1939 he had a good crop. Some seed was brought to this printing office, and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seeds belong to some plant in the buckwheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is raising some; he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

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Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall sycamore in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knapps Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the piece, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County; so he sent in a specimen.

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Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has caused a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the more you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I take that as a compliment, because I am a country school teacher, since I teach botany which has to be taught in the country. I have taught in a one room country school house; and I actually live at present in the open country twelve miles west of the University, on State 7. Doesn't that make me a county school teacher?

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So sorry you were unable to get up to the herbarium while you were here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't get here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities. The herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so we to make comparisons in identification of materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have 60,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, lichens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia, and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States; a large collection made by Dr. Small in the southeastern states, and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the Herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value in our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about Castanea. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under seperate cover.

—

Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
Earl.

—

I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in viseecting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors since it now appears to be somewhat involved. The key verse is that bit of scriptural truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where taste for culture was imbibed from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation ought to be within mental grasp of even a college professor, as high compliment to the producer and his product.

Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded of the muchado over nothing in the legislature a few years ago, wherein our head school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for buying technical publications was a sum about five times as large as the big northern university spent for this purpose. Some smarties found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big school had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy, if obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the the one by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the teapot over this until it was explained this was a part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

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The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old things we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interest of our state and humanity in general.

Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes, it recalled an incident, which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to anyone because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a fuss which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally shook the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick formulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers.

Pocahontas

Chapter 3

Clark Wooddell shot and killed the wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wimer has the skin in soak, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark brindle, with a bushy tail; weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head and jaws heavy; muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

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Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle Bob Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson tamed seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set, and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances, but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear-dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural heeler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again, and then she was nipping his heels again.

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Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering the winter through on the Alleghanies around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear, for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand and fight long enough for the men to come up. Mr King and their experienced bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

— Pocahontas Times

1/11/40

Pocahontas

Chapter 3

FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skidder on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varment was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German police dog, only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy, and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

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James A. Sharp, from Jericho road, was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighborhood combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge over looking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knapp Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt. View Orchard on Marlin Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Amos Dilley. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the fence a few yards away.

} Poison wolf

— Pocahontas Times

3/31/40

Pocahontas -7

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5,000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,864; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,416; sheep; 28,159; swine 4,446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940, when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand people have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existence. This sheep leaf hit the eastern stock grower a hard blow which almost put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner fully recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two roundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

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The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the penny royal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

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So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the last I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Claude Cam Beard topped the Haltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to set him around $9.50 a hundred weight.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY. DECEMBER 5. 1940

The census of 1840 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14,000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7.000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 5 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep, 29,549; and hogs, 3101.

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So we say to all those who follow the track of a steer it looks like good times are coming back in the cattle business, and that right soon. In fact the text I had in mind when I started to write was the news that Cousin Cam Beard topped the Baltimore market with a couple of car loads of three year old steers, 1300 pounds and better, to net him around $9 50 a hundred weight.

- Pocahontas

Chapter 4

Somewhat under duress exerted at such capable hands of authority as Miss Mabel, who is the wife, poor dear, and Doctor Jim, I made the perfectly sincere and all to the good New Year's resolution to quit so much of my running around.

To begin with, I had made a hand for a couple of days on a deer hunt. An old flat foot broke down under pressure; and an infection resulted. The blood stream got to acting up over it and they put me to bed for parts of three days with my foot in a sling. This was different from the metaphorical slings I am always putting my foot in. The orders were positive and plain: from here on I was to act my age. Being on the anxious seat, I readily assented and expected to comply.

My word being out before witnesses, it was with me the summer of self righteous pride which precedes the fall. I declined with regret certain public appearances to break a few random remarks. Ordinarily, I would have risked a better leg than my worse one to have accepted such kind invites.

Come last Sunday afternoon; I was humped up in the chimney corner, with shoes off before the fire, a wondering in my mind if duty was not calling for the sacrifice of a pleasant six mile walk in the woods, for to check up on the birds, beasts and varmints, for a long range forecast on the snow storm the crackle of the fire sure said was brewing.

I hurry to say I am for the daily weather forecasts; their twenty-four hour predictions are to be depended upon for the short period attempted to be covered. However I want longer range forecasts myself, to consult the cut eaters in the fall as to general prospects for a hard or soft winter; then to read sign weekly for the immediate period ahead.

As I pondered to make believe there was satisfaction in the conceit of having been a powerful man in my day, the telephone jangled to break the silence of the sour hour. It was New York. "We the People" were calling to know whether I could catch the next train out for the big town, for to be an extra on the popular radio broadcast which advertises Banka Coffee. It seemed a typical country editor was wanted, and would I be their huckleberry?

In the words of the truth in advertising sign of an old time merchant, I said go no further to get educated; I would be on hand.

It is fifty mile down to the settle meet; the train would leave in a couple of hours, and it a snowing; I would hit the hay road out in a few minutes with bells a ringing.

The gentleman with the kindest intention in the world, considerately inquired if I had expence money; if not, he would wire an amount sufficient. Dargone, that old boy don't know his mountain people, to realize that if I did not have the money by me or knew where I could get it, I would have had to politely refuse the invite for very good reasons, such as being in bed with bear scratches, and quarantined for rabies.

Incidentally, the record should show that well heeled neighbors did shell out liberally on the spur of my great moment in amounts more than sufficient. I am further moved to remark the old saying is still true that we mountain people are like wild hogs in that we eat each other, but let one of us squeal, and the whole drove packs to his relief.

For seven generations my people have trekked the Seneca Trail—some times before and some times after the Indians—but none of the breed ever went that long trail awinding with greater trepidation of heart. However, you know the old saying, no fool, no fun, so I went along determined to have a good time, regardless, but how I did dread it all. Oh, why should the heart of a mortal be proud!

—

The trip from the settlement on was just another train ride. At the hotel, there were directions to call the captain's office. Reporting there, an interview was had, in which the short and simple annals of a poor country editor were jotted down for the professional script writer to put within meets and bounds for five minutes of dialogue—no more, no less. Then appointments were made for studio rehearsals. Here your reading voice is tried out to fit radio broadcasting; the script revised, added to and cut out; words marked for emphasis. Then other rehearsals for the revised script. All this was just about as dull as dish water and as uninteresting as preparations for the old home town pageant.

Mouthing over a spontaneous little outburst soon causes it to lose flavor and become flat as a board, no matter how scintillating in the morning sun it may appear when first expressed. Something like messing up butterfly wings by too much handling, if you catch my point.

I have said before it is ever a painful duty for me to vivisect my feeble jests to show the works to those who wonder what it all may be about any way.

Cont.

There being no part nor parcel of play acting in my make up, there was no temptation to become temperamental—hysterical. In common, everyday language. So like the dumb, driven ox which I am I plodded along the lines laid out for me. I finally realized I had no particular desire to live through it all, for I knew full well if I was allowed even to come back to the Greenbrier Valley, I could never hope to live the matter down.

To relieve tense reader suspense, I will here say I did live through the experience, and have returned to the bosom of my family. The seen audience which packed the big theatre responded to the weak gags about the same as a gathering of mountain people; there were kind, encouraging words from the management; there has been a flow of fan mail; even the home people seemed gladly the threadbare lines I spoke over the air.

As an experience I would not take anything for it, but I do not choose any more. Like the old man who said he would not take a million dollars for his wife, but would hesitate to give a dime for another just like her.

—

My little skit was a dialogue between two editors. Exhibit Number One was Editor Schoenstein of the New York Journal American, 550,000 circulation, 1500 employees. Exhibit Number Two was your Editor of the Pocahontas Times, 3,000 subscribers, 3 employees. I cottoned to the city editor no end; he is smart and he is likable. What a man I could have made of him if I had caught him early enough to train him up as a country editor. Here his personality would have touched humanity direct—a light on a bushel and not under it.

—

The Confederacy was pretty well represented on the stage that night, in addition to this unreconstructed rebel. The director, Mr Stronach, is one of the Virginia Cousins from Clark County. Miss Jane Pickens is a professional singer, whose head is as red as the clay hills of Georgia from whence she came. These two have joined the Yankees and now live in New York.

Then there was that son of the far South, Will Davis, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, city of Pensacola, Florida, turkey hunter and hound dog man. His mother was a professional singer. About forty years ago, her singing of the ever popular song "O Promise Me," was transcribed on a victrola record. Not one record could be found, though Mr Davis sought diligently. "We the People" had one for him in an hour after his plea had gone out over the air.

Another on the job that night was Carl Wood, that boat racing son of Neptune, whose speed boats have won so many races there is no one left with the nerve to challenge him.

There was the interesting Major of the Imperial navy of Russia, who designs fast military planes for America these days.

Then there were Mr and Mrs George Lowther, of New York, whose recent marriage through wonderful premonitions and their elopement and marriage has been heralded from coast to coast in the daily papers. They are a nice young couple and I am for them. If they will send me their address when they go to housekeeping, I will help them start right to the extent of a year's subscription to the Pocahontas Times.

—

The remaining feature of the program was a group of boys from the Bowery, who play harmonicas. They were bright little dickens, with the souls of artists. I got real chummy with them. Don't ask me their names! I can hardly pronounce, much less spell them. They were of Italian extraction, mostly.

Pocahontas Times
1/18/40

Pocahontas – Chapter 4

-: DIED :-

Mrs Phoebe Ellen Zickafoose Lambert was born at Cave, Pendleton County, November 13, 1862; she departed this life Decembe 4, 1939, at her home at Greenbank, aged 77 years and 21 days. She was a daughter of the late Sampson and Sarah Simmons Zickafoose. She is survived by her half brother, Robert Mullenax, and her half sister, Mrs Pearlie Lambert, both of Cherry Grove.

On August 19, 1880, she became the wife of James B Lambert. To this union seven children were born. She is survived by her aged husband, and two children, Mrs Boyd Crigler, of Franklin and Mrs Homer Cassell, of Greenbank; also by twenty three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

At the age of twelve years, Mrs Lambert made profession of her faith and united with the United Brethren Church, ever living the faithful, consistent life of a Christian. She was a great church worker, a teacher in the Sabbath School, ready to do everything in her power to advance The Kingdom. She was a sympathetic friend and neighbor, a loving and affectionate mother.

The funeral service was held from the Greenbank Methodist Church by Rev Quade R. Arbogast. Burial in the Arbovale Cemetery beside the graves of her son and daughter. The pall bearers were her grandsons and the flower bearers her granddaughters. X

– Marlinton Journal

9/7/40

OLD TIMES

Dear Mr. Price:

On January 5, 1886, my father, C. G. Sutton moved from his fathers' farm near Greenbank to what is now Mill Creek, then it was called Dog town. We left grandfather's farm early in the morning with our household goods loaded on two covered wagons. One wagon was driven by my uncle Samuel Sutton and the other by Asbury Sheets. Mother and I rode in Uncle Sam's wagon while father walked and drove two cows. The first day we got as far as Travelers Repose, and there we spent the night with Mr Peter D. Yeager and his good wife.

In those days the East Fork of the Greenbrier was not bridged so it was necessary to ford the stream. Ice had frozen several feet from each bank of the stream, leaving a deep channel in the middle. It was necessary for the men assisted by Mr Yeager and his son Will, to cut a channel through the shore ice so the wagons could get over. Then came Back River, or as it is now known, The West Fork of the Greenbrier, and it was much worse than the East Fork. Luck was with us, however, since R. B. Kerr and Harvey Cromer were there at a mill owned and operated by Mr Kerr. To cross this Fork the wagons were forced to drop from two to three feet from the edge of the ice to the river bed. What a wonder they didn't upset. We managed however to negotiate the ford and start up Cheat Mountain. After traveling all day we reached Cheat Bridge and spent the night in the home of Mr Cromer. (Right here I want to say that no one ever had a better friend than Mr. Cromer.)

Mother had walked and driven the cows for quite some distance and had frozen her feet. The next morning it was bitter cold as only it can be on Cheat Mountain. Mr Cromer sent mother and me on to the last top by sleigh to where a Mr Lindsay lived. Mother and Mrs Lindsay prepared a hot dinner for the men who were driving. The wagons went on to the farm that night, making the trip in three days. Father left mother and me at his cousins, Renick Ward, and took us down to the farm the next day. The Ward farm where we spent the night is now part of the prison farm.

In August 1899 we returned to Durbin, using the same mode of traveling—covered wagons.

Neither the C. & O. or W. M., the Coal and Iron, as it was then known, had reached here yet. The preliminary surveys had been run for both roads were anxious to open up the vast timber sections.

With the coming of the construction crews the roaring days began Durbin in those days was rough and ready, but what place located in sight of lumber operations such as O'Connell's Camp and two rival construction camps could say it wasn't.

I remember O'Connell's last drive of logs to the Ronceverte Boom. Well known men of Pocahontas county were in the crew. Names such as these are familiar to the older generation. Bland Nottingham, John W Carpenter, Sherman Sutton, Wise Gillispie, Harper Smith, Lewis Lynch and J. A. (Jimmie) Kirkpatrick. Mr Kirkpatrick was the cook and his cookee was Roland Scott.

When the construction crew on the Coal and Iron reached what is now Brocker, my father carried the mail to the camp. On days that he could not go I carried the mail on horseback. A box was located in what is now the Lee Galford farm for one of the camps, and from there down to the river and back to Durbin following the railroad grade. N. B. Arbogast, or Uncle Polie, as he was affetionately known, was post master and I was his assistant.

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Durbin, W. Va.

Pocahontas Times 1/18/40

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Durbin, W. Va.

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Pocahontas

Pg 4

Dear Mr Price:

Several times in recent years I have read your comments on coyote in Webster and nearby. Do you know why they are there?

Thirtyfive of my forty years have been spent in Webster -have been raised there, grade and school. Later bank cashier a few years in same county. All my life during hunting season I have roamed the hills of Webster and adjoining counties

About the years of 1927 and 1928 The Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company had some Spaniards or half Mexicans near Tea Creek on Gauley One of their sports was dog fighting They also brought into Gauley coyotes to fight their dogs. It was great sp rt to them I have seen them shipped by express to Camden on Gauley from Western states Camden on Gauley was the shipping point for the Gauley River lumber woods. Some of the coyotes were turned loose at Tea Creek and others escaped in the same locality.

This may not be anything new to you, but if you did not know it, then I will be glad to have informed you

Claude A. Case.

Lost Creek, W. Va.

—

Hunters from Bath and Alleghany Counties, Virginia, are preparing to gather at Muddy Run, near Warm Springs, on Thursday, February 1, to hunt down the wolf or coyote which has killed over one hundred head of sheep for the farmers along Jacksons River the past year It is believed the varment is denning in the Rocky Spring Hollow.

—

Dennis Griffin, of Clovelick caught the monster wild cat or bay lynx of the woods one day last week. It was forty five inches long from tip to tip, and would weigh nearly forty pounds The books give the average length of a bay lynx at thirtysix inches and its weight at twenty pounds. This big cat was caught in a steel trap, set near the boundary of the Seneca State Forest.

Years ago some prominent people in the world outside took to task my brother, the late Andrew Price; how come he persisted to live in this sparsely settled county, to hide under a bushel his bright light as an able lawyer and writer. In time he gave reply, expressing his sentiments in a really outstanding poem. I print it again, to show why we all like to live like Riley on Nameless Creek, where we are so happy and so poor:

The life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes;
Those frantic souls spurred on by lust,
For power and place till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade if I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home, and friends, and life more dear.

Each year the heavens brighter gleam,
Each year enhances field and stream.
Come with me to the mountain height
Bathed in a flood of morning light.

On every side the mountains stand,
Awful, indomitable, grand,

Yet through an all-wise Thesmothete
The wild flowers bloom about our feet
I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;
I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, high and great.
My books, my friends, my mountains free,
Have been and are enough for me.

The Sinsel family is connected with the Dayton family. The wife of Judge A. G. Dayton was a Miss Sinsel; their son is the Honorable Arthur Dayton of Charleston, leading lawyer, outstanding Shakesperian scholar of his generation, and a recognized art critic in the field of picture painting. What I am leading up to say is the late Judge Dayton was the son of the late Spencer Dayton. He came from Connecticut along about some time in the early fifties or late forties to practice law. This he did extensively in a whole block of counties which are now in central West Virginia. Incidentally when his grandson, Arthur, moved from Philippi to Charleston some years since, the name of Dayton was removed from the list of attorneys at the bar of Barbour county, where it held honorable position for eighty years—grandfather, son and grandson.

Spencer Dayton is a tradition in Pocahontas county, and I have let the old people die off without finding out about his practice and service here in reconstruction times. Of course his family has written something about him and his ancestors tracing the line over to Old England and even running it down to Runny Meade, whatever and wherever that was. I reckon I ought not admit I am so provincial and narrow as to have small interest beyond my own Valley and State. But then doggone a man can easily take in too much territory and spread himself too thin. A man's responsibility must need have boundary somewhere.

In the years immediately following the war between the states, the reconstruction judge was a carpetbagger from Vermont or New Hampshire by the name of Nat Harrison. He had come into prominence somewhat as attorney for defense in the last trial for piracy on the high seas. This was in a Federal Court in New York. The brilliant young lawyer won decision to clear his clients of the charge.

About fifteen years after the celebrated trial, Attorney Nat Harrison turns up at Lewisburg as the Circuit Judge for the Greenbrier Valley counties. To say the least, he was an unlovely character. One item in many counts our people hold against Judge Harrison was his having the

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Incidentally one of them, Captain D. A. Stopher did stand and so swear. Having raised a whole company, called the Pocahontas Rescues, and marched them off in the Tin Cup Campaign to Philippi as their captain; having collected some five minnie balls in his body during the following four years of war, the doughty captain was promptly indicted for false swearing. Then he too apparently stood in need of an advocate as much as anybody else.

Pocahontas -4

— Pocahontas Times
1/5/40

Pocahontas
Chap. 4

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 68 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health, though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm, of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison. Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker. Sterling. Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville, Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike, his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

—Pocahontas Times
4/18/40

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Pocahontas -4

— Pocahontas Times
7/5/40

THE
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1938

You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt tail full of type, a bundle of paper and a daub of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubies, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia: "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low estate of the Fourth Estate: Dr. P. I. Reed, head of the University Department of Journal sm read the rambling observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

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stances the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession are taking a rather searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'housecleaning' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make it clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of much friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a li..."

I gets a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Squire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 20 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back captives that he was one of the [illegible]

[illegible] of Indian [illegible] situation of [illegible] that Sanitari[illegible]

Picture no. 2. [illegible] for New Hospital [illegible] itarium, a State Insti[illegible] treatment of Negroes suffering [illegible] tuberculosis. The gentlemen with [illegible]

---

ing calf. Properly reeinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain-like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Urlan Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the for. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from the top of the "Mole Hill" [illegible]

days is the large gallery for the [illegible] ed relatives of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept up in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; J[illegible] A. H. Hamilton, later of Stau[illegible] William T. Price. Th[illegible] ed the delightful [illegible] so you say.

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of five thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bush whacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," when mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry, a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualities. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania [illegible] House. [illegible]

the top of the "Mole Hill" where? Approach? Saw it not?

STATE ATTRACTIONS

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couriers dispatched with messages from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774; that he saw n u h service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenante of his household While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times When the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

the present road forks to Cass. This is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards.

Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families fled to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture; painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large parked area of oak. An item of the old

Oct 11, 18

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Wa.

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas." (Matthew F. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status: Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Editor:

Contents: Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew Fontaine Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes, "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source:

Consultant:

Reliability: not checked

File: Biography

Folders

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Maury 1950

"THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS"

Americans have not always acknowledged the greatness of their fellowmen. This has been characteristic of the Nation. While there are occasional movements toward recogintion of the public services of some distinguished son of the Republic, there are still many who today are practically unknown by the American People. This is unfortunately true of one whom all Europe proclaimed as the "greatest American of his times" but who is not familiar to his own ountrymen.

It is therefore our privilege to give the first national record in an American Historical Journal of Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, the American who charted the winds and the currents of the Oceans; who gave to the world the new science of meteorology; who is in reality the father of the National Observatory at the seat of our National Government and who originated the great system today is known as the Weather bureau.

There is no American whose service to his generation was so great and whose life at home was spent in such seclusion; about him there was the modesty of greatness, for as an American he refused the highest scientific honors of Europe and renounced wealth, fame and even a palace as the gift of an emperor, to pass his last days in the hills of Virginia that he loved. Our beloved West Virginia shares this honor with Virginia, the Mother State.

A friend of kings, he passed away in the beautiful little town of Lexington, Virginia, within the shadow of the graves of Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. Through the Journal of American History the life and character of this Great American has just been completed.

The investigator is an authority in southern history who is intimately acquainted with those among whom Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury spent his life, and from private historical sources has prepared this record.

This young aspirant for Naval honors, must needs prosecute his studies amid the trying scenes of active sea service. It at once became evident that Maury had resolved to master both the theory and practive of his profession.

His conrades of that early peroid relate that on the round spot of the quarter-deck, he chalked his diagrams in spherical trigonometry to enable him, when on duty pacing to and fro, to employ the precious moments in useful study. It chanced that during the first year of his service, the "Brandywine" bore LaFayette from his visit to this country.

Tradition tells us that the distinguished Marquis spoke many pleasant and encouraging words to the studious midshipman. In 1826, Maury was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Vinciennes"--about to make a cruise around the world. The opportunities for study on this voyage were much to his advantage, and on his return home, he was ready for his examinations.

In 1831, he was appointed master of the sloop-of war Falmouth" which had been ordered to Pacific waters. He at once sought diligently for information as to the best track for his vessel, but no reliable charts for his guidance were in existence. He keenly realized that here was a great need to be supplied and his hold and active brain forthwith began to grap le with the problem of ocean charts.

On this voyage he observed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn, and wrote upon the subject his first scientific paper and it was at this time that he began his textbook on navigation.

At his home for a time in 1834, two important events occurred. He was married to Miss Anna Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. From this time on we find much of his time and life woven into the history of the old 'Burg on the Rappahannock. The other event that marked this year at home, was the publication of his first book, a treatise on navigati n, which became for many years a text bo k in the United States Navy, and was in every essential particular outlined by Matthew Maury.

He saw it as a vision from heaven with blessings to earth, and he failed not to prophesy to his people. It was on his return from the Brussels Conference to his post at Washington, laden with honors that Maury stood clearly before the world,

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Charleston, W. Va.

The accuracy of Maury's work was shown when on one occasion, the "San Francisco" with troops on board was severely damaged in an Atlantic hurricane. The helpless wreck drifted out to the sea.

The Secretary of the Navy appealed to Maury, who estimated where wind and wave acting upon a helpless wreck, would drift the vessel. With a blue pencil he marked the spot on his chart. To this spot relief was sent, and the survivors rescued.

In his "Physical Geography of the Sea", in his discussion of "Sea Routes", Maury has this to say: "So to shape the course on voyages as to make the most of winds and currents at sea, is the navigator's art. How the winds blow and the currents flow along this route is no longer a matter of opinion or subject of speculation, but a matter of certainty determined by actual observation. The winds and the weather daily encountered by hundreds who have sailed on the same voyage before him and 'the distance made good' by each from day to day, have been tabulated and arranged for the mariner; nay, his path has been literally blazed through the winds for him on the sea; mile posts have been set up on the waves, and finger-boards planted, and time tables furnished for the trackless waste."

The international character of the work soon led to an international conference. It was at Maury's instance that in 1853 the United States called the celebrated Brussels Conference. It was a notable gathering of scientific men. Nearly every important maritime nation was there represented and a systematic plan of co-operation provided. It was at this conference that Maury advocated the extension of the same system of meteorological observations to land also and thus form a weather bureau, helpful to Agriculture. This he continued to urge and agitate in his papers and addresses all over the country until the very close of his life. The great Signal Service and Weather Bureau, successfully operated in the world today from continent to continent and for this the debt is due to Maury, for the great Atlantic cable is one of the radiant sparks that flew from his anvil as he wrought.

The Physical Geography of the Sea and its meteorology he founded the way to the very heart of nature and land before us her majestic laws.

Master of a pure English style he sets before us the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea.

Master of a pure English style he sets before the marvelous phenomena of earth and sea and air, in thought and language that flows deep and strong, and warm and life giving like the great current of the Gulf Stream.

No American has ever received higher testimonials from foreign contries; Orders of Knighthood were bestowed upon him by the Emperor of Russia, King of Denmark, King of Portugal, King of Belgium and Emperor of France, while other countries struck gold medals in his honor. The Pope sent him a full set of all the medals struck during his pontificate and Masimilian decorated him with the "Crest of our Lady Gaudalopue". By special request Alexander Von Humbolt bestowed upon him the "Cosmos Medal", struck in honor of the great Baron. It is the only duplicate of that medal in existence.

The Cambridge University of England conferred on him the degree of L.L.D. It is said that in Berlin there stands a statue to his memory. Thus Kings, to do him honor, took delight. The only civilized nation that has withheld adequate recognition of his services has been the government of the United States. All that has come to him from his own government has been the meager pay of his rank in the Navy.

In the Capital City where for twenty years his great brain projected influence that are blessing the whole civilized world today, and are the very honor and glory of our own land, there stands no memorial of his service, no bronze or marble to tell of his greatness. There is not even a bust nor a portrait in the National Observatory where his work was done.

When this nation built its National Library, from all nations and all ages were brought names through worthy to be woven into the beautiful Mosaic of that national structure, but while the antiquarian dug deep to find some of the names that are there, we look in vain for that of him who, born on our native soil and toiling under the very shadow of the Capitol, became the founder of twin sciences

that amaze the mind with their wonders and shed light and blessings to the ends of the earth.

The claims of Maury for recognition at the hands of this nation do not rest upon military service, or any relation he bore, or did not bear that brought us into war. It rests upon a service that saves live and property, a service that is one of the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Maury is one of the greatest names that adorns the history of Virginia. Do not think the name of Maury is forgotten in his own land. It is too closely woven into his great science ever to be lost to the world.

The Congress of Meteorology must render to the name of Maury a tribute of profound gratitude, as the founder of our science and the highest honor for his great researches in every department of this science.

STATE ATTRACTIONS

April 27, 1940

Nelle Y. McLaughlin
Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 4- Section 4 - part b - Question 1.

You asked for a socially inherent reason for the formation of a separate county. I looked through the County Records and all of the Histories of the counties of which Pocahontas had been a part and could not find the answer to this question. In desperation I went to Mr. Calvin Price and he assured me that this had never been put in print but that he could give me the reason and that I could quote him.

It seems that the people from Marlinton, Huntersville, and this section of the county had to go to Warm Springs to Court. The people from Greenbank and the upper part of the county had to go to Franklin. The people from the Elk section of the county had to go to Beverly, and those from Swago and the lower end of the county had to go to Lewisburg. Mr. Price says that the people in what is now Pocahontas County being more or less related, they just decided to form a compact county of their own with the county seat at Huntersville.

If this isn't sufficient information, let me know and perhaps I can get something more from Mr. Price, for at times he seems to be our only source of information, and he is always most kind about helping us.

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Inventory of Materials

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

The Charleston Gazette.

July 4th Tour of State's Scenic Spots Is Suggested

483-Mile Trip and 508-Mile Alternate Are Charted By State Road Commission Information Bureau; Camping, Picnicking Are Permitted

With a long weekend in prospect for the Fourth of July, the state road commission suggested a typical West Virginia tour yesterday for those seeking the coolness and scenic beauty of the state's highlands.

Charts 483-Mile Trip

Mrs. Lois Ford, in one of her last acts as chief of the information department, charted a 483-mile trip that will take the traveler through historic sections of the state as well as those rich in natural beauty and developed as recreational centers.

From Charleston, Mrs. Ford suggests taking U. S. 60, the route of the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

Historic points on this section of the trip include Tyree Tavern, known as Halfway House, which dates beyond the revolution and was rebuilt in 1810, and the 117-year-old Old Stone House on the west slope of Big Sewell mountain.

Swimming Available At Park

At Lewisburg, the tourist is advised to turn north into U. S. 219—the Seneca Trail—through the bluegrass farmlands and past Droop mountain Battlefield state park, where was fought one of the longest engagements of the Civil war, and Watoga State park where one may pause for a swim in the cool mountain waters of Watoga lake.

State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs,

the historic James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which in the trip to Lewisburg passes through busy industrial sections, picturesque Gauley Bridge, and past Hawks Nest state park and the New River canyon, with its breath-taking scenery.

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State Route 39, which intersects with 219, goes to Minnehaha Springs, a summer recreational resort suggested as a good stop-over on the trip.

From this point, the tour goes north on Route 28—a cool, scenic drive through the heart of the Monongahela National forest—to Judy Gap where a good forest road leads to Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state. Use of U. S. 220 is then adised by Mrs. Ford to Petersburg—a drive that follows the South Branch of the Potomac for some distance and passes the Smoke Hole area, famed as a fisherman's paradise, where cabins may be rented.

Seneca Beauty Cited

For the return trip, Mrs. Ford suggests State Route 4, east and then southeast through the limestone country where mighty rocks such as 900-foot Seneca provide a scene not often witnessed by the city dweller. Seneca caverns and a new development, the Smoke Hole caverns, provide subterrainean beauty surpassing the highly-advertised caves of other states. No

Between Mouth of Seneca and Elkins on Route 4 are Alpena and Stuart Memorial parks, where camping and picnicking are permitted, while good swimming at Stuart park is also available before the trip through the Upshur country farm lands and down the Valley of the Elk back to Charleston.

As an alternate tour of 508 miles, Mrs. Ford suggests U. S. 60 to Gauley Bridge, U. S. 19 to Summersville, State 39 to Richwood, State 20 to Buckhannon, State 4 to Petersburg, State 42 to Mount Storm, U. S. 50 to Red House, U. S. 219 to Elkins and State 4 to Charleston—a route that passes the Holley River state park and the French Creek game farm.

STATE ATTRACTIONS

Probertis

Inventory of Materials

Topic: Flora W. Va.

Title: Plants from the Cranberry Glades

Author: Emma L. Woodward

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STATE ATTRACTIONS

For Mrs Graham

From Clarksburg Exponent Sept 8, 1938
(Today)

Item:

Richwood, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades will be classified by experts of the Smithsonian Washington, D.C. museum as a result of a survey made by Dr Paul Bartsch, head curator of the institution and chief of the Department of Botany at George Washington university, Washington.

Bartsch + Dr. T. Carter, also of Washington were guests of Mrs Billie Doton, here.

"Not since Dunes in Labrador have we seen such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery as to how it grows here and from whence it comes. In the far north there is an abundance of it, but why it should be in this particular spot in W. Va is beyond me."

Richmond, Sept. 7.

Plants from the famous Cranberry Glades were identified by experts of the Smithsonian institution, D.C. museum as a result of a recent visit here by Dr Paul Bartsch, head curator of the institution and chief of the Department of zoology at George Washington university. Washington. Bartsch & Dr. T. Barker, also of Washington are guests of Mrs Billie Dotson, here.

"Not since Dwarf in Labrador have I seen such a sight as Cranberry Glades," Dr. Bartsch said. "The reindeer moss is a mystery as to how it grows here and from whence it comes. In the far north there is an abundance of it, but why it should be in this particular spot in W.Va is beyond me."

The glades, high meadows in the mountains about 35 miles from here, have attracted many plant experts. They describe it as a "zoo" of plant life.

Dogwood – Webster Co.
Found out about 30 yrs ago
[illegible] Pocahontas Co.
(not exactly correct name)
[illegible] about time of
[illegible] 1910.

Part 3

Pocahontas

...mes In Pocahontas County, ...t Virginia.—By Dr N. B.

...tal Run, near Arbovale: Nam... a tradition that an Indian ... wounded in the fight at Crab ...n, camped on the run, while re... Poultices of sassafras leaves ...g to be used by Indians for gun ... wounds afterwards found at this ...

Frost. Situated on high exposed ...und, referring to a cold locality. ...me of a village and postoffice.

Dunmar. A lumber town and post office on Greenbrier River, started about 1910 by a Mr Dennison, who came from Hagerstown, Maryland. The name formed from the first syla... ble of Dennison and Maryland, Den... mar. Now the site for the State tu... bercolosis sanitarium for colored people.

Caesar Mountain. Overlooking the Levels of Pocahontas County, and a part of Droop Mountian Battlefield. First settled and named by Henry Messinbird at the beginning of the 19th century. (Prices Historical Sketches, page 110) Messinbird was a man of mystery who seemed to be well educated, a classical scholar; hence the name, possibly. At his death he freed his slaves, of whom he had several. He left Caesar one mountain, and to Vina another mountain.

Brofley Creek. Named for the pioneer Patrick Brofley, who first settled on the branch of Hills Creek. Numerous descendants live in the locality.

Swago Creek. Tributary to the Greenbrier River, four miles below Marlinton. Word of Indian origin, probably the same Seneca derivelation as Oswego. The valley in early days was much frequented by the Indians, evidenced by several Indian Mounds and Indian stone relics found in pro... fusion. Some (five) for artifacts obtained from the limestone strata on this creek.

Dogway. Branch of Cranberry River, in the Black Forest. One of those name like Fox Trot, Barrenstle Hate ... Bottomlands, Reforestation, Little Rough, Big Rough, all branches of Cranberry river, brought here by the Robinson family from Middle Fork of the Kanawha River country. Note the similarity of names recorded by John Fox Jr., in his tales of the Kentucky Mountains.

Jena. Name of postoffice from the family name of Jena, to whom a great boundary of land in lower Pocahontas and upper Greenbrier was granted about 1800 by King and persons emigrating the grant to Robert Morris, the banker of the American Revolution.

Edray. About one hundreb years ago the name given to the postoffice, from the Bible city Edral, meaning powerful "a place surrounded." That it is most aptly named will be realiz... ed by a look from the Elk Mountain road.

Onoto. Near by, was so named upon the establishment of the post office there about forty years ago for a poetess of Japan. I do not now recall whether it was her given or her sur name.

Numerous small creeks and runs in Pocahontas county, such as Span Oak Run, Cup Run etc., named from some natural phenomena such as a leaning tree used as a foot bridge, or a hollowed stone, which may have disappeared.

On the head of Swago creek there is a "Natural Bridge" formed by a stratum of the limestone, about forty feet in lenght and fifteen feet high, under which the stream flows. This bridge in in a very rugged country in the forest.

Sunday Lick Run and Monday Lick Run about half mile apart and two miles below Marlinton, tributary to Greenbrier River from the east side near the mouth of Swago Creek. In pioneer days deer licks were frequented on these streams and fanciful names given by hunters. There is a tradition that once a hunter killed a deer on Sunday at one of these licks; Sunday hunting was frowned upon by the early settlers, and the name given as an enduring reproof. Lens Ridge lies between Sunday and Monday Licks, from Len Monday, pioneer hunter.

Rainstown. A lumber settlement on Stamping Creek near Mill Point developed by John Raine, lumber man. The mill is gone but a settlement remains. Stamping Creek, a turbulent mountain stream which "sinks" with reverberations. Mill Point named for a pioneer milling place, the mill an over-shot wheel still remains. Stamping Creek near by, was the stamping ground for the buffalo.

Sugar Creek. Tributary to Williams River in the Monongahela National Forest. Named for the profusion of the trees of the sugar maple species.

Tea Creek. Also tributary to Williams River. A clear stream flowing out of a dense spruce forests. The sedimentary deposits on stones from "red" rock official memoirs gives the water in its bed an amber color. A tanned liquor stream.

Woodrow. Post office and school named for President Woodrow Wilson.

Stillington Creek. Named for the first settler, Robert Stillington (Prices Sketches, page 235) who settled at Dunmore on this creek. Robert Stillington was the stepfather of Jacob Warwick (1740-1826), my great-grandfather three removes, who was a noted land owner and Indian scout in Pocahontas and Bath counties. He resided at different times on Jackons River near Warm Springs and at Clover Lick on Clover Creek on Greenbrier River.

Dunmore, on Sitlingtons creek was undoubtedly named for Lord Dunmore the last Colonial Governor of Virginia. After the Revolution, because of personal unpopularity of the memory of Governor Dunmore repeated moves were made to change the name, but it has persisted none the less. In later years two citizens of the name of Dunn and Moore claimed that the name was coined from their joint names, and Price so states in history of the county. However the place was known as Dunmore in pre-Revolutionary times, being the site of Jacob Warwick's Fort on or near by Deer Creek.

Price Run. Enters Greenbrier River at Marlinton, west side; also Price Hill in the same locality. Home of the Price family. The original Lewis Survey (1751) acquired by Jacob Warwick and settled by his daughter Nancy and her husband Major William T Poage about 1790. The survey, 640 acres comprised the whole of the site of the present county seat, Marlinton. William Thomas Price author of Prices Historical Sketches of Pocahontas County, born here July 19, 1830, and died at the place where he was born January 15, 1921, aged ninety years. The Hill and stream named for the Price Place is now occupied in part by myself.

Pocahontas Times 3/28/41

STATE ATTRACTIONS CITED BY BIAS IN ADDRESS TO CLUB

West Virginia Leads in Percentage of Native-Born White Population

RESIDENTS WIN WORLD FAME

First Battles of Revolution and Civil War Fought in Borders —Leads in Glass Output

An historical sketch of West Virginia, including each progressive step from the time of Virginia's secession during the Civil war, was given by B. Randolph Bias, Williamson attorney, before an unusually large audience of members and guests of the Huntington Woman's club at the monthly general meeting this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the club house.

Mrs. Karl C. Prichard, president of the club, presided at the meeting and the program was sponsored by the Civics department, of which Mrs. Douglas W. Brown is chairman. The business session was omitted in order to give Mr. Bias time for his address, "West Virginia," which has received widespread notice in the state.

Mr. Bias is a prominent attorney in Williamson, being former assistant prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association.

His address this afternoon, in part, follows:

"West Virginia was born of the Civil war because that part of Virginia which now constitutes West Virginia was loyal to the Union and refused to secede.

Descendants From Colonists

"Its fifty-five counties have twenty-five thousand square miles of area and a million and a half of the best people on earth.

"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely descended fro mthe colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Marshall, [illegible]

line railroad companies their general counsel, Cornwell to Baltimore & Ohio; Fitzpatrick to the Chesapeake & Ohio and Knight to the Virginian.

"Julia Pierpont, who established 'Memorial Day,' was a West Virginian, as was Ann Jarvis, who founded 'Mother's Day.' Alexander Wade, father of the graded school system, was a West Virginian, as was Alexander Campbell, founder of a great church.

"To literature, poetry and history we have furnished such people as David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

"Thomas Dunn English was a resident of Logan county when he wrote that immortal ballad, "Ben Bolt."

"Leslie Thrasher, one of America's best known artists and illustrators, is also a West Virginian.

"The rural free delivery mail system was originated by Hon. W. L. Wilson, a West Virginian, who was postmaster general under President Cleveland.

"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national

in Williamson, [illegible] attorney of Mingo and prosecuting attorney of Mingo county and former president of the West Virginia State Bar association.

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"Its people are honest, truthful, industrious, law-abiding and God-fearing. Largely decended fro mthe colonists of Virginia, eighty-nine and nine-tenths per cent of them are native-born whites.

"Including the time before Virginia was dismembered, the two Virginias gave to history John Smith, Pocahontas, Jamestown, Yorktown and Appomattox; the Declaration of Independence; the fathers of the Constitution; Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, the Randolphs, the Lees and more presidents than any other state has given to the Union.

"Except for certain of the original thirteen colonies there are more graves of soldiers of the Revolution in West Virginia than in any other state.

"One county in West Virginia (Berkeley) gave to our cause in the Revolution five of its generals, including General Gates, Charles Lee and Alexander Stevens.

"The first battle of the Revolution (Point Pleasant) was fought on West Virginia soil as was the last battle, at Fort Henry.

First In War

"The first battle of the Civil war was fought at Philippi; the first Union soldier killed in the Civil war was a West Virginian; the Paul Revere of the Spanish American war, the man who carried the message to Garcia, (Major Andrew Summers Rowan) was a West Virginian; the Commander of the flagship New York in the battle of Santiago, was a West Virginian, the first man to scale the walls of Pekin in the Boxer rebellion was a West Virginian; and a West Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe, and its greatest [illegible] to Africa, Bury [illegible]

[illegible] such people as David B. Strother, known in Civil war times as Port Grayson; Daniel B. Lucas and his sister, Virginia Lucas, Fannie Kemble Johnson, Dr. John P. Hale, Governor George W. Atkinson, Governor William A. McCorkle, William S. Edwards, Virgil A. Lewis, William Henry Foote, Hugh Maxwell, Bishop George W. Peterkins and Dr. James Monroe Callaghan.

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"A West Virginian now is the head of the American army. A West Virginian is at the head of our national air service and a West Virginian was, in 1924, the nominee for president of the United States.

Streams For Power

"We have, today, eight thousand public schools, fourteen thousand teachers and spend for them, twenty-five million dollars. We have more than two hundred high schools today while in 1870 we had none. We employ fifteen hundred high school teachers and have more than twenty-five thousand high school students.

"When West Virginia university was established sixty years ago, it had a president, four instructors, and property valued at fifty thousand dollars. Today it has two hundred instructors and property worth more than two million dollars.

"West Virginia has water power furnishing almost inexhaustible possibilities. We have coal enough to supply the world with fuel for a century and uncut timber on our hills sufficient to last for a long time.

"We have produced oil of the highest grade and gas enough to supply several adjoining states. Annually we produce forty per cent of the total production of gas in the country leading all states.

"The largest conical mound, built by a prehistoric race, is located at Moundsville. It is seventy-five feet high and its circumference at its base is 900 feet.

"The first brick paved street in the world was laid in Charleston in 1870.

"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, [illegible] hospitable and law-abiding

Virginian was first of the Allies to reach the Rhine in the World war (Captain Ward Lanham.)

"To the Union it gave its loyalty and itself; to the Confederacy it gave Stonewall Jackson.

"West Virginia has given to the Methodist Episcopal church five of its greatest bishops, that "Father of Methodism West of the Mississippi," Andrew Monroe; and its greatest woman missionary to Alaska, Mary McFarland; to the Baptist church, the "Spurgeon of America," John W. Carter.

"To invention West Virginia gave James Ramsey, who built the first boat propelled by steam ten years before Fulton fulfilled his dream, and Michael J. Owen, who designed the bottle-making machine and sheet-glass drawing apparatus.

Great Athletes

"To literature West Virginia gave Melville Davisson Post, Henry Syndor Harrison, John Esten Cook, Rebecca Harding Davis, the mother of the more distinguished Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Prescott Montague, Herbert Quick and Waitman T. Barbe.

"To athletics and sports, the state has contributed Jack Dempsey, "Hurry Up" Yost, America's greatest football coach, and Ira Errett Rodgers, considered the greatest fullback ever on the football field.

"At the Olympic games in Paris in 1924 when the United States competed in various track and field events with practically all the nations on earth, winning a total of 255 points, Miss Martha Norelius, a 16-year-old West Virginia girl, of White Sulphur Springs, won the world championship in swimming making the 400 meter free-style swim in six minutes, two and a half seconds.

"West Virginia gave to California James Farley, a United States senator; to Iowa, the greatest senator she ever had, Jonathan P. Dolliver; to Ohio, four of her greatest governors; and to Alabama, Kansas, Maryland, and North Dakota each a governor; to Tennessee her greatest jurist, Felix Grundy; to Oregon, a great chief justice, Jesse Thornton, and John Stevenson who founded the City of Portland.

"To the colored race West Virginia gave its greatest leader, Booker T. Washington.

"To mathematics she gave Joseph Ray, whose arithmetics have been standard in the United States for forty years.

Great Attorneys

"West Virginia contributed to medicine Dr. John W. Mitchell; to the cabinets of presidents, Steven B. Elkins, Nathan Goff, William L. Wilson, Newton D. Baker, John Barton Payne and Howard M. Gore; to Wells Fargo Express Company, Dudley Evans, to three of the great trunk

[illegible] feet.

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"West Virginia produces more glass than any state on earth and has eighteen of the largest factories in the world.

"We have the greatest percentage of native born white population of any state in the Union. We are a happy, contented, industrious, sociable, hospitable and law-abiding people and we are proud of our state."

Pocahontas Chapter 4

MEHALA MORAN McNEIL

Mrs. Mehala Caroline Moran McNeil, aged 77 years, died February 2, 1940, at her home on Swago. Though her health had been failing for some time her death was unexpected. On Sunday afternoon her body was buried in the family plot in the Buckley cemetery; the service was conducted from the Swago church by Rev. J C Wool.

Mrs McNeil was a daughter of the late John C. and Mary LaRue Moran. She was born in Grayson county, Va. She came with her parents to Pocahontas county in 1886. Of her father's family there remains her three sisters, Mrs Matilda Auldridge of Buckeye, Mrs Lydia Slayton of Huntersville and Mrs Annie Collins of Charleston.

On December 15, 1887, she became the wife of the late Charles L McNeil, who died about 20 years ago. To this union three children were born—John, at home; Bennett of Vanderpool, Va., and Mrs Mary P. Turner, of Trinity, Texas

MRS LELIA BURR MOORE

Mrs. Lelia Burr Moore, aged sixty three years, wife of E N Moore of Dunmore, died of a heart attack on Thursday, February 1, 1940. The funeral service was held from the Dunmore church on Saturday morning by her pastor, Rev. Quade Arbogast, assisted by Rev. A B Williford Burial in Riverview cemetery, Ronceverte, Sautrday afternoon.

Mrs. Moore was a daughter of the late J Austin and Miriam Hannah Burr, of Ronceverte. Her brothers are Leland, of Ravenswood, Leslie, of Birmingham, Alabama; Harry, of Detroit, Michigan; Joe of Charleston; Rev. Quinn Burr, of Roanoke, Va, Her sisters are Mrs Samuel Myers of Corvallis, Washington, and Mrs H F. Jamison of Centerville, Ala.

She is survived by her husband and their two children, Eloise and Ernest N Moore, Jr.

—Marlinton Journal

2/8/40

Pocahontas
Chapter 4

Dear Cousin Calvin:

Your paper will soon be turned into a geneological magazine.

In reference to the inquiry of Mr Preble about John Casey Harness, I think he was a great grandson of Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness; 1700 1784. Their eldest son, Captain John, born 1725, died 1810, married Eunice Pettice, daughter of Ebenezer Pettice, of Pennsylvania. Their sixth child, George, married Rebecca Casey. They had children but I donot know of any other than George who married Sally McNell; Captain Jack who married Anne McNell; John, Jr., (Casey?) who married Jane Welton in 1825; Annie who married Jacob VanMeter; Jane Anice who married George Cunningham; Catherine who married Isaac Cunningham.

John and Jane Welton Harness had C. E; Daniel, Henry, George Wm. Wirt, 1831-1908; who married Mary A Porterfield; Mastin, and Elizabeth, who married Bussan McMeecham.

George and Sallie McNeill Harness had Molly, who married Jack Williams; Ann Rebecca who married James Kuykendall.

There is a wonderful mixture of kin in this family. They all came from that garden spot of America in the South Branch Valley of the Potomac

Beside the child John, old Michael and Elizabeth Westfall Harness had Elizabeth, 1727 1804, married Phillip P Yoakum; Barbara married Michael See; he died in 1794. They were the parents of Adam S-e, born September 19 1764, who married Margaret, daughter of Major Jacob and Mary Vance Warwick, of Pocahontas County. He and his brother, Michael, Jr., came from Hardy County to Randolph County about 1790.

Margaretta Harness married Andrew Trumbo and migrated to Kentucky. See Shane's Virginia and the Preston Papers, Wisconsin University.

Dorothy Harness married Samuel Hornbeck and went to Kentucky See paper above.

Adam Harness was killed by the Indians while cutting hay in Butterfield Flats, now Hardy County, about 1745 to 1750

Leonard married a Miss Hatch, and some say, went to Indiana. This family had a noted ranchman, known as Colonel Harness, who formerly lived at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Peter Harness married Susan Inscoop. They had a child; mother and child were killed by Indians.

Jacob married twice. His first wife was a Pettibone. Their children, Mary married Lanier Fisher; Rachel

Jacob's second wife was Lizzie Rarabaugh. Their son was Conrad, who married Elizabeth Tucker. Jacob, when an old man, left most of his estate to his son Conrad. The daughters objected, so Conrad gave them the estate. In 1838 he made up a big caravan and set out for Missouri. There he found fine lands. He took his wagon train from the South Branch and went by way of Kentucky. There the family visited a month or six weeks with their kin who had gone there before. The train was so large it took a week to cross the Mississippi River. Carl Harness, of Los Angeles, California, who married Lillian, daughter of Dr and Mrs C. L. Austin, formerly of Pocahontas County, is a great grandson of the aristocratic Conrad, of Missouri.

Conrad, son of old Michael, married Mary Yoakum. He and his family were killed by the Indians. Returning home from church where his infant had been baptized (by sprinkling, says Rev. Shane.) an Indian stepped from the woods. He took by the bridle the horse on which Mrs Harness rode, brandishing his tomahawk. Conrad came to the rescue of his wife, and the Indian killed them all.

George, 1739 1823, married Elizabeth Yoakum. They had children, among whom were Elizabeth who married Jack Hutton. Mrs E F. Crummell, 1873 Hillside Road, E. Cleveland, Ohio, is a descendant.

Michael Harness, Jr., married Catherine Van Meter.

These people pioneered what is now Hardy County. Elizabeth Westfall Harness is said by Van Meter in his History of the VanMeter family, to have been the first white woman to have set foot in this part of Virginia.

Georgianne Dunlap Arnold,
(Mrs E. C. Arnold)
300 West 8th Street,
Roswell, New Mexico.

- Pocahontas Twins

1/4/40

Pocahontas Chart 4

-: DIED :-

DR. JOHN M. YEAGER

Dr John M. Yeager aged 63 years died Sunday afternoon, April 14, 1940. For a year he had been in failing health. though up to within a few weeks of his death he had been active in his practice. The cause of his death was paralysis, but in reality this beloved physician had worn himself out in service of sick and ailing humanity.

On Tuesday afternoon his body was buried in the family plot in Mt View Cemetery. The funeral was conducted from the home in the presence of an immense throng of sorrowing friends by his pastor, Dr H. Malcom Sturm. of the Methodist Church. The pall bearers were C B. Moore, Frank King G S Callison. Kerth Nottingham, Richard Currence and Senator Fred C. Allen.

John Moody Yeager was born at Bartow, April 7 1877. He was the second son of the late Brown M. and Harriet Arbogast Yeager. Of his fathers family there remains his four brothers, Walker. Sterling. Bruce and Paul; his sisters, Mrs Brownie Gatewood and Mrs Texie Carroll.

In 1902 Dr. Yeager was united in marriage to Miss Mollie Smith, daughter of Captain A E Smith. To this union were born four children: Guy M of Amingo; L A of Franklin; Mrs Elmer Smith and Mrs W E Adlung, of Washington D. C.

Dr Yeager was graduated in medicine at Louisville. Ky. in 1901 and for 39 years has practiced his profession in Marlinton. He had a large practice, which reached to every walk of life. To rich and poor alike. his sympathizing heart went out in his passion to heal sick and broken bodies. No one will ever know the good this beloved physician did for it should be said he wore his life away and shortened his days in service to sick and suffering humanity. Blessed with a remarkable personality his circle of friends was wide for to know him was to love him

"Know ye not that this day a great and good man has fallen"

MRS. NAOMI VanREENAN

Mrs. Naomi VanReenan was born August 20, 1872 and departed this life at her home on Stony Creek on Sunday, April 7, 1940 aged 67 years 7 months and 18 days. following an illness of six weeks of influenza and complications. Everything that loving hands could do was done for her but God knew best and called her to her eternal reward. She bore her suffering with patience and was resigned to His will who doeth all things well.

Mrs. VanReenan was the only daughter of Francis M. and Rachel Galford McCoy. On December 21. 1892, she was united in marriage to William M. VanReenan who preceeded her to the grave six years ago. To this union were born 12 children, all of whom survive their mother: Mrs. Mirl Tyler, Mrs. Lee S Barlow, Bernard, Lonnie. Gilbpert and Porter VanReenan of Marlinton; Dr. A. C VanReenan of Bluefield; Forrest VanReenan of Warren Ohio; Myrtle VanReenan of Huntington, Hubert. Jane and Carl VanReenan at home. She is also survived by her brother, A. C. McCoy of Renfrow, Oklahoma. and 26 grandchildren besides a host of relatives and friends.

The funeral was conducted on Wednesday afternoon, from the West Union Church, by her pastor, Rev. R. H. Skaggs, assisted by Dr Malcom Sturm of the Marlinton Methodist Church, and she was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband in the Cochran Cemetery on Stony Creek

The esteem in which Mrs VanReenan was held was attested to by the large concourse of friends who attended the last rites, also by the beautiful floral offering. The flower girls were: Mrs. Vance Livingston, Mrs Clarence Kellison, Mrs. Porter Sharp, Mrs Allen Sharp, Mrs Roy Dever, Mrs Eugene Simmons, Mrs. Harry Keene, Mrs. Ralph Elliott; Misses Annas Cole, Ethel Barlow, Betty Clay Sharp, Elizabeth Cochran, Norma June and Lucy Clair Kellison.

The pall bearers were: Ralph Dilley, Preston Duncan, Porter Sharp, Neal, Clawson and Jesse Beverage.

Mrs. VanReenan had been a loyal member of the West Union Methodist Church for many years, having been converted in early life, and she lived a consistent Christian life, loved by all who knew her. She was ever a devoted wife and mother, a good neighbor and friend.

4/18/40